THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LIV. R. J. C. WALKER, No. 727 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1874. $3.00 a Year, in Advance. Single Copies, Six Cents. No. 3.

OUR SECRET DRAWER.

BY ISABELLA LAW.

There is a secret drawer in every heart,
Wherein we lay our treasures one by one;
Each dear remembrance of the buried past;
Each cherished relic of the time that's gone.

The old delights of childhood long ago;
The things we loved, because we knew them best;
The first discovered primrose in our path,
The cuckoo's earliest note, the robin's nest.

The merry hay-makings around our home,
Our rambles in the summer woods and lanes,
The story told beside the winter fire,
While the wind moaned across the window panes.

The golden dreams we dreamt in after years,
Those magic visions of our young romance;
The sunny nooks, the fountains and the flowers,
Gilding the fairy landscape of our trance.

The link which bound us later still to one
Who fills a corner in our life to-day,
Without whose love we dare not dream how dark
The rest would seem, if it were gone away.

The song that thrilled our soul with every joy,
The gentle word that unexpected came;
The gift we prized, because the thought was kind,
The thousand, thousand things that have no name.

All these in some far hidden corner lie,
Within the mystery of that secret drawer;
Whose magic springs though stranger hands may touch,
Yet none may gaze upon its guarded store.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," "TWICE WON," ETC.

"Beggar!" said Mr. Lowe, fiercely, "how dare you entice my daughter away from her home at this hour of night?"

CHAPTER I.

FATHER AND SON.

Old Mark sat close over the fire, with his shaggy brows knit into an angry frown. Once or twice he raised his head and listened, then sank back into his former attitude of steady watchfulness.

"I wonder what keeps the lad," he muttered to himself presently; "they ought to have been back afore this. I hope there's nothing up. What's that?" The wind was sighing and surging round the cottage, making a mournful wail, and somehow it disturbed the old man. "It's just like the night my Mary died," he said, aloud. "The wind's got the same sound, and that sound means death. I've noticed it often; and when it blows up holler and grave, there's wrecks at sea and troubles on land, as no one can provide against. I wish the lad was back, with all my heart."

He sat silent for a time, pondering; his rugged, bronzed face looking almost sphinx-like in its quaint solidity of feature, as the flickering firelight played upon it fitfully.

Then he got up, and shook himself admonishingly.

"Confound it! I feel as nervous as a child to-night!" he exclaimed; "and it's pretty many nights I've been out myself, and heard the keepers hard by, and never felt so much as a qualm. Hark! here they are!" he cried.

His excitement was so great that he sprang towards the door, which he threw wide open, admitting a gust of bitter wind. He peered forward into the darkness, shading the candle with his hand; but there was no sign of a living creature, and he closed the door and went back to his seat.

Old Mark took out his pipe, filled it, and began to smoke. He had hardly taken three whiffs when the door suddenly flew apart, and a tall, rough-looking lad, with wild eyes and unkempt hair, darted in.

"Father," he said, in a sharp, quick whisper, "you'd better come; Flax is down."

"Flax, the keeper?"

"Ay."

"How did it happen?" inquired old Mark, eagerly.

"Well, you see, they were after us pretty hot, and Joe says he only fired to save himself, without meaning any real harm."

"Oh, it was Joe then? I thought as much. Whenever there's mischief afloat, you may always lay it to him, without any fear of being took up for libel."

"He says he should have been caught and all of us sent to gaol if he hadn't been pretty sharp."

"He's always an excuse ready," growled the old man. "I might have known things would go wrong if I wasn't there; only this confounded rheumatism has got into my limbs, and won't get out again."

"Well, but what is to be done, father?" asked the youth, impatiently.

"Where's the man wounded?"

"He is dead."

"Dead? Why didn't you say so before?"

"I thought you understood."

"A man isn't obliged to be dead because he is shot, is he? Joe's a greater fool than I took him for."

"It's no use grieving over spilt milk, father. Something will have to be done, and at once, too. Flax is lying in the wood."

"Ah! Then let Joe fetch him out, and manage as he thinks fit. I don't see why we should have a hand in the matter, when it's none of our doing!"

"You forget I was with him, father!"

"Did you fire, too?"

"No; I was on in front, and had a good chance of getting away without. But Flax seized hold of Joe, and wouldn't let go. Besides, he knew us both, and called us by name."

"It's a bad job," said the other, reflectively; "the very worst I ever had, and I've been a poacher this forty years. I always knew that if we let that fellow in amongst us, we should repent it; he hasn't no conscience, and doesn't care for sport in a fair way. I don't see no particular harm in poaching, so long as people aren't found out; but when you come to shooting a man, that's quite a different thing."

"Joe was driven to it, I tell you; he had no thought of killing the keeper," answered the son, who seemed to have a lurking sympathy for the offender.

"Driven to it!" replied the other, contemptuously. "That's easy saying; and so I might have said, many's the time, but I'd too much sense. Now, there was that night in Lansdown Wood; we were all as near caught as could be, and that very Flax, what's killed, had his hand on my arm; but I just gave him a blow in the face, and dodged under, when I might as well, if I had had a mind to be mischievous, have given him a volley as not. But them's not my way. Where's Joe?" was his abrupt conclusion.

"He's sneaking outside."

"You and he had better go and bring the body here."

"Wouldn't they trace us?"

Old Mark looked contemplatively into the fire.

"They might, and they might not. But it's the only thing to be done now, as I can see."

"And when we get him here?" urged his son, in a shuddering whisper.

"Bury him," was the laconic reply. And the old cottager puffed away energetically at his pipe, forgetting that it had long been out.

"We shall get into trouble."

"Have you only just found that out? That was my first thought, not the last."

"Anyhow, I mean to stand by Joe."

"And get hanged?"

"Who's to *prove* the fact?"

"Wasn't there a witness?"

"Only me, and they should cut my right hand off before I'd peach."

"I don't blame you there; but it's an ugly business, and I wish it hadn't happened. We shall be suspected, you may be sure; and you know that the master said the next time there was any talk of poaching he would turn us out of our work."

"He's just the sort to keep his word."

"Ah! he's a hard man, is Mr. Lowe."

"His daughter was very good in bringing us things when you was down with the fever."

"Ah! she," answered Nat, enthusiastically, "she's one of the right sort, and as pretty a lass as ever breathed. I hear she's set her heart on Farmer Benson's son, but her father won't hear of it."

"A pretty deal that signifies to us!" muttered old Mark, angrily. "You had better be trying to get out of this scrape, than troubling yourself as to who Milly Lowe is likely to marry."

"Ah!" exclaimed Nat, who, with the blessed thoughtlessness of youth, had forgotten poor Flax lying dead amongst the tangled undergrowth, "I'll go and get Joe to fetch him at once. It's no use putting off a disagreeable job, when it has to be done."

He turned as he finished speaking, and went out, as his father took a brand from the fire, and lighting his pipe anew, smoked away philosophically, knitting his rugged brows closer and closer. It was a full hour—it might have been more—when he heard heavy steps outside, and a low voice through the key-hole, saying softly: "Open the door, father—quick! We've got him."

"All right!" Mark muttered, faintly; then rose, and lifting the latch of the door, made the passage easy for them to enter. The two young men seemed ready to sink under their ghastly burden, and dropped it on the floor as they entered the room.

"Is he quite gone?"

"Ay, the more's the pity!"

"You're a fool for your pains!" exclaimed the old man, turning to the guilty one. "I shouldn't wonder if it ended in our all being hanged. If Mr. Lowe gets hold of it, I am done for."

Joe, a man of about thirty, with a dark, sinister face, cruel lips, and a shaggy beard, of some peculiar shade between blonde and brown, glanced at the speaker in a sullen way, and then stooped over Flax and listened for his breathing. But the chill and silence of death were both there; and he drew back, shaking his head.

"He's dead enough, no fear, and won't tell any tales. It was the only thing I could do, unless we was all to be sent to prison; which I hadn't much of a mind for myself, though I didn't intend it should go so far."

"You'd rather be hung, I suppose?"

"Not if I know it."

"But that's what it will come to."

"I shall lay up until it has blown over a bit."

"What good will that do?" exclaimed old Mark. "If they want you, they will have you; and you and us are as sure to be suspected as I am to eat my breakfast to-morrow morning."

"But it can't be helped now, father," put in Nat. "And the question is, how to get rid of poor Flax?"

"Can't you bury him on the common?"

"If anybody comes along——"

"He can't stop here; and—ugh!" added the old man, shuddering — "I knew him when he was a lad, and, somehow, I don't fancy seeing him dead when I think of his poor young wife a widow, and his young children fatherless!"

He turned and wiped a tear off his cheek, then puffed away more energetically than ever.

"The least said the soonest mended," muttered Joe. "Now, Nat, are you ready?"

The latter came forward with reluctance; but it was not difficult to see that he was a great deal under the other's influence, for he stooped at once and took the best part of the burden imposed on him.

"Have you a lantern?" Joe said, as they were about to quit the house.

"You'd better manage without," old Mark replied; "unless you want the whole country round to know what you are about."

"It's so confoundedly dark."

"Light enough for your work, I should say."

There was a certain authority in his manner, which imposed upon Joe, lawless and brutal as he was, and he led the way out without another word.

He had truly said that the night was dark. The wind blew in cold gusts across the common, and not even a solitary star specked the black vault of heaven. Groping their way, stumbling and cursing, they stopped at last near a quiet knoll, and the two set to work in silence.

The grave was not very deep, but deep enough to hide poor Flax from the loving eyes of his wife and little ones—deep enough to keep the sunshine away forever.

"There!" said Joe, stamping down the turf with great violence; "I don't think they'll find him very easy, do you?"

His companion was younger, and less hardened, and his soul had revolted at his task. He, too, kept picturing to himself the widow's tears, and the cries of the young children perishing for need, now that the bread-winner was gone; and, somehow, he felt such a villain, that he could hardly believe it was himself.

The work done, Joe walked off; but Nat lingered on. There was a kind of horror upon him, and he longed to get away; and yet he stayed, in spite of himself. Shuddering, and white as death, with his eyes fixed in a fascinated stare on the damp ground, where he expected, every minute, to see the ghastly face of the dead man rise and confront him, the young man suffered such tortures of abject fear, that his very limbs were paralyzed.

Twice he tried to move from the spot, and called for Joe hoarsely, under his breath; but the other was far away by this time, and could not hear his faint appeal.

Only the wind moaned sullenly, a solemn requiem for the dead, and the sharp cry of some night-bird, mocking his own, pierced the shadows easily.

At this minute there was a sudden rustle, a swift, soft step, and some one passed Nat, brushing so close against him, that he staggered and nearly fell. Without waiting to ascertain who or what the intruder might be, Nat, whom the sudden shock of the assault had restored to himself, darted off home as fast as his feet could carry him, and came upon his father as he sat dozing over the fire, like a sudden whirlwind.

The old man shook himself awake testily.

"Well, have you done?"

"Yes."

"Where does he lay?"

"Near Lansdown Knoll," replied his son, with a shudder.

"There was no one about?"

"No one about," repeated the other, like an echo, for he did not choose to tell all he knew.

"And Joe's gone home?"

"Joe's gone home."

"Where he'll stay for the rest of his life, if he waits for my invitation before he comes out. Sport is sport, all the world over, and the game that grows wild we have as much right to as any one else; but when you come to striking a man who's got a wife and family, that isn't sport—it's murder!" And rising from his seat as he finished speaking, he retreated to the inner room, where, flinging himself down on the low truckle bed, he soon fell fast asleep. But he had a fearful dream. He thought he was in a crowded court, listening to his son's trial for the murder of James Flax. He heard it all clearly; and then the verdict of the jury, and the last solemn address of the presiding judge, praying heaven to have mercy on the prisoner's soul. Nat turned his dim eyes once towards his father; and then a black shadow fell upon the latter, as he lay a-dreaming, and he knew, by the horror that fell over him, that the strong, stalwart lad, whom, secretly, he had been so proud of, would never gladden his heart again, would never come forth in the sunshine but to meet an awful doom.

He awoke, convulsed and crying, and saw Nat standing above him, with a face as white as his own.

"What o'clock?" asked old Mark, trying to speak calmly.

"It's close on dawn, father."

"Then I'll get up."

"I thought you was awake; you called me."

"I was only dreaming," replied the old man, evasively. "I don't expect I was thinking of you all the while. But haven't you been to bed?"

"No; I wasn't tired."

"You won't be much fit for work, and it will likely be noticed."

"I don't mean to be seen to-day, anyhow."

"That's right, lad. And now put the kettle on, and let's have a cup of tea before we go out into the cold."

CHAPTER II.

A STOLEN INTERVIEW.

"I thought you never were coming, Milly."

"Have I kept you waiting so very long, then?" inquired pretty Milly Lowe, sinking into her lover's arms and submitting to his fond caress meekly. "To tell the truth, there were some people about, and I was afraid."

"Afraid they might hurt you?"

"No," she answered, with a little soft laugh; "afraid they would tell."

"The night is so dark they could never have been able to distinguish you from the shadows unless you had spoken."

"If they had seized hold of me I should have called out."

"They would never have dared do that," replied young Benson, fiercely, "or it would have been the worse for them."

"Only that you wouldn't have been there, you know," laughed Milly.

"I should have heard you call out."

"It was too far off."

"Where did you hear voices, then?"

"Just by Lansdown Knoll."

"They must have been poachers, I should fancy."

"There is no game there, Herbert."

"Perhaps they were after rabbits."

"I shouldn't have thought it was worth their while to run so much risk for such small gains."

"I expect it was that or nothing to-night, for Lord Dacre's keepers have been about, I am told. They had reason to suspect that the poachers would search Lansdown wood, and they wanted to be ready for them. I heard a gun fire about a couple of hours back; it came from that direction."

"So did I."

"Where were you, Milly?"

"I was waiting outside the garden gate to hear your steps."

"But I came the other way."

"So I found. But what made you change your road, Herbert?"

"I fancied Mr. Lowe was at market."

"He has been home ever since seven o'clock."

"And he is in bed now, of course?"

Milly sighed a little as she said, "I ought not to be here, Herbert, that is certain; and, really, really, you must make up your mind to give me up, for I can't bear to deceive my father in this way."

"But I never will. You promised yourself to me, and I will keep you to that promise as long as we both live."

"My father will never consent, Herbert."

"How do you know?"

"I am sure of it. He has taken such a dislike to you."

"Do you know why?"

"He says you are idle."

"Let him only find me some work, and be it ever so hard I will do it, always providing that *you* are to be my reward."

"Earn your reward first, and then ask for it."

"How am I to be sure that my labor will not be in vain?"

"Even then it will have done you no harm to struggle a little with the world."

"And you count my disappointment as nothing?"

She nestled closer into the shelter of his arms.

"You must not say that, Herbert, dear; your happiness is, and always will be, more precious to me than my own. But I want you to be up and doing that I may be able to justify my choice in the world's eyes."

"Which you cannot do now," said her lover, with great bitterness.

"Dear Herbert, you know that I am satisfied in every way."

"I know that you are perfection!" responded the young man, persistently, "and I am the greatest wretch in creation. Only tell me what I must do to feel worthy of your love?"

"First of all, you must find some trade or profession."

"Supposing my father will not part with me?"

"But he will—he must! You are wasting the best days of your life here."

"I know that," answered Herbert, sadly; "still, if he bids me stay, what am I to do?"

"You must obey him, unfortunately."

"And lose my wife?"

"Not if I can help it, Herbert."

"Milly, will you promise me one thing?"

"What is that?"

"You will not marry any man but myself?"

She hesitated one minute, and then said, firmly, "I promise!"

"Whatever you may hear?"

"Whatever I may hear!"

"In good report and evil report?"

She repeated the words solemnly.

"And supposing your father should always refuse his consent, will you, in due time, marry me in spite of this?"

"Oh! Herbert, you must not ask me that!"

"Why not?"

"Because it would be so wrong and wicked to disobey his commands. I shall always love you, dear Herbert, and I faithfully promise never to marry any one else but you; at the same time, if my father withholds his consent, it will be my duty to remain single."

"I don't see that. Your father is a regular tyrant——"

"Oh! say not so."

"I must say it. He allowed me to keep coming to the house, when he must have known how it would end; and then, when I asked him for your hand, he called me a beggar. You can't wonder that I complain."

"I know it is very hard for you to bear."

"Ah! it has been a cruel trial—enough to drive a man desperate. I shouldn't wonder at anything I did!"

"Herbert, for my sake——"

"Dearest Milly! I love you with my whole heart, but my patience and courage are well nigh at an end. I feel sometimes as if I were going mad, and if you forsake me——"

"Have I not promised?"

"But you want to give up these meetings, which are the only consolation of my life."

"You forget, Herbert, that if I were seen hard things might be said of me."

"I should like to hear any one speak ill of you, Milly!"

"Don't give them the chance."

"And yet never see you, Milly—never to hear your dear voice! How could I live so?"

"You must try, Herbert, always remembering how truly I love you."

"If I was not sure of that——"

"But you are, Herbert."

"Yes," he said; "heaven be praised!"

"And you will let me go now, Herbert?"

"Must you really, my love? Can't you spare me a few minutes more?"

"I am so nervous. Listen!"

"It is only the wind."

"But, somehow, I feel so strangely to-night, Herbert. I cannot help fancying that something awful has happened."

"What should have happened?"

"I don't know; but," and she lowered her voice to a faint whisper, "it sounded as if some one was digging a grave under the knoll!"

Herbert laughed aloud.

"Why, Milly, I never knew you were such a coward! Who should be digging a grave under the knoll?"

"You may laugh, if you like, but that was my impression."

"Why, dear, you got nervous from waiting so long in the dark."

"No; I was just as calm and composed as I am at this minute. I believe there were two men, and they walked heavily. After awhile, one left, and the other remained. I darted past him as quickly as I could; but once I heard a voice, speaking in a cautious whisper, and I fully believe that I know it well."

"It begins to look reasonable now, Milly. Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Because you didn't seem inclined to listen, and treated it as a delusion."

"It did not look feasible at first, and, even now, I fancy it must have been poachers."

"There was no gun fired."

"True; but they might have been snaring rabbits."

"Only that I am quite positive to have heard the sound of digging."

"Surely you must have been mistaken there?"

"Hark!" exclaimed Milly, suddenly. "What is that? I can hear voices now!"

Herbert listened intently.

"It is the idiot boy, Wilson," he answered, in a tone of evident relief.

"Is it possible that he can have watched me out on purpose to betray me?"

"I shouldn't think he had sense enough, Milly."

"I don't know. Sometimes I have fancied that he had more than people gave him credit for. His manner to me is alarming at times. If he were not as he is I should really believe——"

"Really believe what?" inquired Herbert Benson, as she hesitated.

He felt her cheek flush warm as it rested on his hand.

"That he liked me."

"As I like you, Milly?"

"Yes," she answered, softly and shrinkingly.

"My dearest, you are full of fancies to-night. The lad is a complete idiot, and though he may have cunning tricks that surprise you by their artfulness, you may depend that he is not able to feel love or hate."

"I am sure that he feels hate, Herbert."

"What makes you think so?"

"Don't you remember coming to see me one afternoon when father was out, and before you had spoken to him of your wishes?"

"About two months ago, you mean?"

"I do."

"Well, what happened then?"

"When you left Wilson was in the yard feeding the cows."

"That is his work, is it not?"

"Always, and his love for them is so great, and theirs for him, that it is like friendship between human beings. As you passed through the gate he was watching for you evidently, and I saw such an extraordinary change come over his face that it actually startled me. You know what a vacant expression it generally wears. Well, that day it was contorted with rage and menace, and the veins of his forehead stood out, large and swollen, like cords. He clenched his fists, and gave a little howl, which I fancied you would hear; but it was plain you did not, for you walked on without turning."

"So you fancy he has some grudge against me, Milly?"

"I am almost sure of it."

"But what could be his reason? I never did him an ill turn in my life, or even speak tauntingly to him, as seems the fashion in the village."

"You would laugh at me if I were to say what I thought."

"Never mind, Milly; you are not tetchy, you know."

"Then, it strikes me, he hates you because I love you."

Herbert Benson did not laugh this time. He only said, quietly, "You talk of Wilson, Milly, as if he were a sensible person like others, instead of a wretched creature who could not even learn the alphabet to save his life."

"I never considered him so hopelessly stupid, as you say."

"But you see that he can't be taught anything, Milly?"

"Yes, I see that; and yet how good he is to animals!"

"It's just instinct."

"It may be, and yet I have noticed a change in him of late. I have seen him sometimes standing in the yard, with his eyes turned towards Lansdown hill, and looking as if he were really admiring the country."

"Now I must laugh, Milly."

"Then laugh softly, Herbert, for Wilson is on our track as sure as you stand there; and what's more, he has some one with him."

"I didn't hear another voice."

"I did."

"Did you recognize it at all?"

"No; but hark! They are quite close."

"Milly, do you feel brave, my love?" he sighed in her ear.

"Yes, why?"

"You are right; Wilson has betrayed us, it is your father."

CHAPTER III.

FACE TO FACE.

Milly might, or might not, have been right as to Wilson's motive; but certain it is that he had been hiding in the lodge nearest to the house-door, in order that he might hear Milly pass out. Of course, he must have had good cause to suppose that she would be going, or he would not have set a watch; but, as it was, his extraordinary cunning was a better ally than the sense of which men are apt to boast, as our readers will be inclined to say when this tale is concluded.

Wilson—or Tommy, as he was usually called—gave a hoarse shout when, parting the boughs, he showed Mr. Lowe the daughter of whom he was so proud, clasped in the arms of a man he detested.

The light was too dim for the culprits' faces to be visible, but Milly's attitude of shrinking fear, and the way in which she clung to her lover, exasperated the old man beyond measure. As with most men who have risen from nothing, poverty was the greatest of all crimes in his eyes, and his first exclamation showed all the cruel bitterness of his heart.

"Beggar!" he said, fiercely; "how dare you entice my daughter away from her home at this hour of the night?"

Herbert Benson advanced a step or two, and spoke boldly.

"Because you will not allow us to meet at proper hours, and in a proper place."

"I told you before, and I tell you again, that I will not hear of any engagement between you and my daughter."

Tommy stood grinning and gesticulating, with evident enjoyment of his own mischief, and the louder grew Mr. Lowe's voice, the more delighted he seemed.

Milly slipped away towards home, sorrowful and half scared; and, save Tommy, whom both looked upon as a perfect nonentity, Mr. Lowe and Herbert were alone.

Herbert, who was evidently governing himself with care, replied: "Your daughter loves me, Mr. Lowe, and there is no earthly thing I would not do to gain her honorably for my own."

"That's all very fine, but if your intentions were what you pretend, you would encourage her to do right, instead of to do wrong."

"I was very patient, remember."

"You want the girl's fortune, that's a fact!" retorted Mr. Lowe, irritably; "and you fancy that I have worked hard all my life to give the fruits of my labor to an idle fellow who never earns a groat himself."

"I am willing to work."

"Then why don't you?"

"My father wants me at home."

"I am sure I can't tell what for."

"He must know best, sir."

"I suppose he fancies it looks genteel to have a great strong fellow lolling about the premises, with his hands in his pockets. Those kind of people have got such poor pride."

"I have heard my father say that you and he began life together, without a pin to choose between you, so far as birth and fortune went, but that you had a little money left you, and so got a start, whilst he had to work his way without help. Men of the same origin, may, therefore, be expected to have the same kind of pride, and every one talks of how high Mr. Lowe holds his head!"

Herbert was fairly exasperated now, and his voice trembled from the effort of suppressing his rage. Mr. Lowe had forgotten these things, no doubt, when he spoke so arrogantly to William Benson's son.

"It is false!" he answered, and Herbert could see the angry flush on his face, even in the dim light. "I was always a gentleman, when your father was what he is still—a beggar!"

"Money does not make a gentleman," returned Herbert, with intelligible malice. "Milly sees in me an equal, and for her sake, I would do and suffer anything!"

"For her fortune's sake, you mean!"

"I never thought of her fortune for a minute, and that she knows right well; and so do you, in your heart! I have loved Milly ever since she was a child, and shall continue to love her to the end of my life!"

"Then, I give you warning that, considering the match out of the question, I shall send her away from here, that you may not have a chance of seducing her from her duty."

"I shall find out her retreat, no doubt," was the cool reply.

"I will take care about that. I am not in the habit of doing things by halves."

"You forget that your daughter is not a bale of goods, which can be disposed of at pleasure. The law will not allow you to play the tyrant over to her!"

"I will see that I don't get into the law's clutches. But I presume that the law would raise no objection to my sending my daughter on a visit to a relative, in order that she might be out of the way of a suitor I discountenance?"

"For no real cause?"

"That is my affair. When I give a servant warning, I don't always tell him the reason."

"I pity your servants, sir."

"You are too idle and poor, for my fancy, or, I might be inclined to give you a chance of proving that my servants are not so badly off as you suppose."

At this insult, Herbert felt himself turn very pale, but he controlled himself still.

"Poverty is no disgrace," he said, in a stifled voice. "I hope I may never have any greater sin laid at my door than that."

"It is no disgrace, all the while you keep in your place, and know who are your betters."

"I do, now!" was the significant reply.

"Then how came you to think of my daughter?"

"If Milly is to wait for her equal, she can never wed; she is too good for any man under the sun."

"Then, by your own showing she is too good for you!"

"I never doubted that; but from the moment she was satisfied ——"

"How should a girl like that know her own mind?"

"Milly does," answered her lover, with tender security.

"Milly has been so much indulged, that she fancies now she is to have her own way entirely. But she will find out her mistake!"

"Your daughter will not marry me, Mr. Lowe, without your consent, perhaps; but you cannot prevent her from loving me always."

"Pshaw! I don't mean to try. I know well enough what a girl's fancies are. She will get over her complaint if she is left alone."

"I doubt it. Milly is as true as steel."

"She is just like other girls. I know all about it. Her mother refused to marry me until her relations made her; but she soon made up her mind to it, when once the question was settled."

"And how long did she live afterwards?" inquired Herbert, sternly.

"She died a week after Milly's birth."

"Of a broken heart!"

"That is false!"

"Nay; for I have often heard how she pined, and pined, until she was as white as any ghost; and died at last, smiling, only too thankful for the release."

"Was it your father told you this fine tale?"

"Perhaps."

"And wanting her himself, you see, made him look at the matter in a different light from others. I've never heard that he made your mother so happy that he had any right to talk about others."

"I don't think she complained."

"Perhaps she didn't dare."

"My mother was not the kind of woman to be easily intimidated, as you ought to remember."

"You must know very little about her, I should say, for your father had been a widower over three years when I married."

"I am quite aware of that."

"And, therefore, you were a mere child when she died."

"Of course; but old Nanny often tells me about her."

"And old Nanny says your mother was a happy woman?"

Herbert was too truthful to say "yes," and so he held his peace. But it was impossible he should forget the long, sad story of his mother's early life. Fate had involved the destinies of these people even earlier in their history, and this was not the first entanglement that had ensued.

Mrs. Benson had been attached to Mr. Lowe before her marriage, and there is no doubt that he had given her every encouragement, and led her to believe that he would marry her. But when the poor girl's hopes were at the highest, he suddenly discarded her, on the pretence that his family objected to the match.

Nearly desperate in her own sorrow, and caring little what became of her, she listened to her friends' advice, and married Mr. Benson. In three years she left him a widower; and then, strangely enough, he fell in love with the girl whom Mr. Lowe afterwards married for her money, and treated so ill that she pined away as Herbert had described.

It seemed strange that the children of these two ill-fated marriages should have learnt to like each other; and their union, if it had been permitted, might have reconciled old differences, and made friends of the two men who had been enemies all their days.

At this question of Mr. Lowe's, Herbert held his peace, but the old man, in his bitter rancor and cruel pride, still pressed the question.

"And old Nanny said that your mother was a happy woman?"

Herbert paused a moment, and then he answered, gravely: "No; but she says that my mother loved but too well a man who was unworthy even to tie her shoe-strings."

"You seem to have a very exalted opinion of women," sneered Mr. Lowe.

"I have, for my mother's and Milly's sake."

"I am greatly in hopes that my daughter will destroy some of your notions on this subject, by showing you that women can be fickle as well as fair."

"I don't fancy that your evil wish will be gratified. I would trust Milly through all."

"You will see."

"I give you fair warning, sir, that I shall believe nothing that does not come from Milly herself. When she tells me that she is tired of our engagement, I will, at once, give it up."

"I think you will have the felicity of hearing her say so some day."

"I think not."

"Your confidence amuses me."

"I have no doubt it does; and it comforts me."

"You are easily comforted."

"I don't see that. What more could one want, than to be assured of the faithfulness of the woman you love."

"I would rather be assured that I could keep her when I got her."

"She would not require any such assurance."

"You seem to forget that her father might."

"I was willing to make any concessions, sir. I told you so. I was even willing to bear humiliation, if thereby, I might win Milly for my wife. I love her so truly and fondly, I cannot bear the thought that I may never see her again."

"You'll get reconciled to it in time, never fear; I can leave my daughter some fortune, and I want her to rise by the marriage she makes."

"Poor Milly! It seems to me that you want to sell her to the highest bidder."

Tommy Wilson here set up a wild cry, which made both the men turn towards him in a startled way. He pointed with his thin fore-finger to a large gray-owl, which had just flitted across his path. His eyes were turned up in ecstacy, and his hoarse, discordant voice seemed almost bursting his throat, from the energy with which he tried to articulate a few words.

"Silence, Tommy!" said Mr. Lowe sternly. "Go home."

The lad shook his head, and smiled malignantly.

Then, he sprang in the air, with a shrill cry, and coming in contact with the root of a tree as he descended, sprawled his whole length on the ground.

Mr. Lowe kicked him roughly. "Get up, you dog, and go home, as you are told."

Tommy imitated a cow lowing inquiringly.

"Yes, the cows want you. Go!"

Tommy seemed to understand this, and hugging his arms close to his breast, with a gesture that expressed love and care, he picked himself up, and ambled off.

Mr. Lowe turned again to Herbert.

"Now that fool is gone, I want to tell you decidedly, once for all, that a marriage between you and my daughter is simply impossible, and that I shall certainly remove her from this neighborhood, and out of temptation's way."

"Jut as you like."

"I shall watch her unceasingly until I can make arrangements for her departure; and if you are wise, you will give her up."

"Never!"

"I will make you."

"Pray, how?"

"I have only to whisper one word in your ear, and you would shrink from such a marriage with loathing."

"It must be a very extraordinary communication that would have the effect of making me resign suddenly the most cherished wish of my heart."

"Then you persist?"

"I do."

"I tell you that I have only to speak."

"I am ready to listen."

"Be warned in time," returned Mr. Lowe, in a soft voice. "The confession will be as painful for me to make, as for you to hear."

"I will try to bear it, sir."

"I would fain spare you."

"You have grown merciful all of a sudden, Mr. Lowe."

"I am not so cruel as you think."

"This suspense sickens me, sir, I implore you to speak."

"You can bear the blow?"

"I will try."

Mr. Lowe stooped down, and whispered something in Herbert's ear, under the condition that he should never divulge the secret to any mortal creature.

"Merciful Heavens!" exclaimed the young man, in a tone of horror impossible to describe, and fell forward, senseless on his face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAVE UP SOMETHING.—It unfortunately happens that no man believes he is likely to die soon; so every one is much disposed to defer the consideration of what ought to be done on the supposition of such an emergency; and while nothing is so uncertain as human life, so nothing is so certain as our assurance that we shall survive most of our neighbors.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

TO EXTERMINATE ROACHES.—Roaches may be exterminated by taking flower of sulphur one-half pound, potash four ounces. Melt in an earthen pan over the fire, pulverize, and make a strong solution in water, and sprinkle the places they frequent.

MENDING WATERING-POTS.—Tin watering-pots used in the garden often become rusted at the lower corners, and begin to leak. It is not necessary to throw them aside, as the holes may be effectually stopped without going to the tinker's, by covering them inside with a small piece of linen dipped in copal varnish, the tin being previously thoroughly dried. When the varnish hardens by drying, they are perfectly water-tight.

SOILED RIBBON.—If you have any in which you desire to appear, but have also a horror of washed ribbons, make a strong suds of castile soap, if you happen to have it in the house—if not, any other will do—wet the ribbon in the suds, rubbing lightly the soiled places with a brush or the hands. Never wring silk or ribbon; iron on what is to be the wrong side, or take a spoonful of Indian meal and one of molasses, mix, and brush the ribbon with the mixture, rinse in cold water, and iron. Don't tell any one it is old ribbon.

CANARY BIRDS.—Having had much trouble in protecting canary birds from the attacks of the insects that infect them and the cages, we learned the following simple method of destroying these pests, which will, no doubt, be a useful piece of information to many of our readers: By placing every night over the cage a white cloth, the insects gather upon it, and in the morning may be seen by carefully examining the cloth. They may thus be soon removed, and then all that is necessary is to thoroughly clean and varnish the cage.

DURING the warm weather kid gloves are easily soiled, particularly as the prevailing colors are quite light; and as it costs some time and money to have them cleaned at the dyer's, we give our readers the secret of cleaning them at home, which can be done as well as if paid for outside: Take a little sweet milk, and a piece of white or brown soap. Fold a clean towel three or four times, spread it over your dress, and spread out the glove smoothly upon it. Take a large piece of white flannel, dip it into the milk, then rub it upon the soap, and rub the glove downward toward the fingers, holding the wrist of it by the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy yellow, but if colored, looks dark and entirely spoiled. Now, let it dry, and then put it on your hand, and it will be soft, smooth, glossy, and clean. Take care, however, to omit no part of the glove in rubbing it, and see that all the soiled parts are thoroughly cleaned. This process applies only to white and colored kid gloves. For black gloves that are soiled, turned white, and otherwise injured, take a teaspoonful of salad oil, drop a few drops of ink into it, and rub it all over the gloves with the tip of a feather, then let it dry in the sun. White kid boots and slippers can also be cleaned by the first process to look "as good as new," and black kid boots and slippers can be restored to their pristine gloss by the latter method.

THE TOOLS GREAT MEN WORK WITH.

It is not tools that make the workmen, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvellous things—such as his wooden clock, that actually measured the hours—by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand, but then everybody is not a Ferguson. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color. An eminent foreign *savan* once called upon Dr. Wollaston, and requested to be shown over his laboratories, in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the Doctor took him into a little study, and, pointing to an old tea-tray on the table, containing a few watch-glasses, test-papers, a small balance, and a blow-pipe, said: "There is all the laboratory I have!" Stothard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings. He would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. A burnt stick and a barn door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas. Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail. Ferguson laid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with small beads on it, stretched between his eye and the stars. Franklin first robbed the thunder-cloud of its lightning by means of a kite with two cross-sticks and a silk handkerchief. Watt made his first model of the condensing steam engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection. Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose; while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plough handle.

A WORD TO THE UNSUCCESSFUL.—Very few men are permitted to be successful; very few men are permitted to be wise; very few men are permitted to be eloquent; very few men are qualified to be statesmen; very few men are good for anything eminent; and even those that are eminent are men of like passions with everybody else. Therefore, be not discouraged because it is your lot to be in humble circumstances—because work is insignificant in the eyes of men—because you are called to labor in obscurity. The time is coming when all earthly distinctions will be of very little account.

To men of a poetical nature, life is apt to become a desert, in whose undulating air, as in that of other deserts, objects appear both wavering and gigantic.

LIFE'S BATTLE FIELD.

BY R. A. H.

Each has his own one path in life,
A circle lies within his ken—
And a small circle, too, perchance—
We cannot all be famous men!
And battles are not truly done
By panting vainly after fame,
Or fretting for the want of chance
To quickly make a brilliant name.

A brilliant name! Too oft is this
The phantom that leads many on,
Until, too late, they wake and find
The time for real endeavor gone!
Better to fill a lowly place
And labor there with soul and heart,
Than dream ambitiously of wealth
Till time and youthful strength depart.

Do I speak sadly? Truth it is
That in the lowest place of life
A man can act a hero's part,
Amid the daily toil and strife!
Aye, amid hourly ills and care,
Even though within the humblest home,
Can shine in virtue great and grand
As ever gilded ancient Rome!

Life's heroism does not need
A spacious or a lofty stage;
Life's greatest deeds are not all writ
Upon the flaming golden page!
Believe me, glorious work is done,
As the world's wheels still onward go,
Which ten-tongued rumor never yet
Hath blasoned, or will ever know.

JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 27. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XLIX.

MURIEL.

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair:
We start, for soul is wanting there.
—Byron.

Jasper Onslow lifted his head when bidden to stand up and receive the sentence of the court, and made an effort to rise, but his limbs seemed powerless. The attendants raised him up, and grasping the ledge of the dock, he regained his strength and presence of mind and stood erect. It was not fear, either physical or moral, which had overmastered him. It was simply that the sharp tension in which his faculties had been held had given way, with the full confession he had made, and the relaxation had prostrated him.

He hardly remembered afterwards the well-chosen sentences in which he spoke of the full restitution he was desirous of making, nor the examination of the few witnesses called by his desire in his favor. He heard, without understanding them, the words of the foreman of the jury, and stood prepared for the heaviest sentence the judge could inflict upon him.

Very quietly and gravely the sentence was pronounced. The judge, in a few brief words, stated how heartily he agreed with the opinion of the jury—viz., that there was no evidence to prove the prisoner guilty of murder, and that the second crime, of which he had made full confession, was the only one to be considered. Taking into account all the circumstances of the case, and the prisoner's confession, which other evidence went to prove, also his own promise of restitution, and the jury's recommendation, the sentence of the court would be that Jasper Onslow be imprisoned for two years.

Jasper's amazement was perhaps greater than that of any other person in the crowded court, though every one was more or less surprised at the leniency of the sentence. He had expected twenty years at least when he knew that he should escape the stigma of murder; but two years! It held out the hope, at least, that a future might be before him still, and his heart seemed to leap into his throat with a sudden bound, and the place to swim before his dazed eyes, as he bowed in very thankfulness to the judge, who during his brief period of fashionable life had been an honored guest at his table.

At the door, before he was put into the van that was to carry him away, he met Ernest Dormer.

"One moment," that gentleman said to the attendant policeman; "I have one word to say to him. Keep up your heart, Onslow, and have no fear for Muriel. I will get permission to see you, and let you know of any alteration. As long as you hear nothing, be sure she is safe and well."

He wrung the prisoner's hand and turned away, facing a group of loiterers out of the court who had known Jasper well in his apparent prosperity, but who would no more have taken any notice of him now than they would have attempted to fly to the moon. They tittered among themselves as they saw the handclasp and the staring crowd, and told the story afterwards, with addenda, at many a five o'clock tea, and talked of Ernest as "deuced Quixotic, you know, and all that sort of thing."

Ernest walked leisurely away and strolled westward along the Strand, his head and heart full of sorrowful thoughts, when a touch on his arm made him pause, and turning, he beheld Anthony Colliver.

"I've been trying to catch you for ever so long," the old man said. "I want to speak to you, Mr. Dormer."

He drew him a step or two down one of the quiet lanes that lead to the river as he spoke, but Ernest was not inclined to listen to him.

"Look here, Mr. Colliver," he said, "this wretched affair into which I have been drawn is over now. Thank heaven, Jasper Onslow is not what you thought and I feared him. I liked him, and liking him, I pity him and his for the misery that has come upon him."

"Through me?"

"Through his wrongdoing; but for all that, to see you often would bring it ever before me. If you please, from this hour we will break off whatever of acquaintance there has existed between us."

"Meaning that I am not fit company for the fashionable Mr. Dormer. Small thanks to me for coming to England, you think. Well, perhaps I might as well have stayed away, and let your friend run riot with my brother's money. However, I didn't follow you to intrude on you—I will never do that again—but to speak of the day's proceedings."

"I would rather not discuss them with you, Mr. Colliver."

"Look here, Mr. Dormer," the old man said, keeping his detaining hold on Ernest's buttonhole, "I can't understand exactly what you and all that poor fellow's friends feel towards me. You know I was right in what I did, but it's sore, I know. But I want to speak to you about that poor woman. You must let me do something to help in the matter."

He was in earnest—there was no doubting that fact; and Ernest Dormer, "sore" as he undoubtedly was over the whole affair, could not refuse to listen to him.

"Mrs. Onslow has no claim on you," he said, "and she is well cared for."

"I know that; but will you let me put a sum of money in your hands for her? She didn't rob me, poor thing, and he will be punished enough."

"What has become of your revenge?"

"It vanished as soon as I found my brother had not died by his hands. The temptation to the rest was awful. You or I might have yielded to it. Let me help you in this. No one need know of it but you and I."

"Do as you will, Mr. Colliver. I think I have misjudged you a little. If you will entrust me with any aid for this poor lady I will use it faithfully; but——"

"But you don't want to see more of me than you can help—eh? Oh, I understand. I won't come near you."

"He's an odd, eccentric creature," Ernest thought to himself, as he watched him pushing his way through the people towards Charing cross; "but his heart's in the right place. He shall help poor Muriel if he likes, and I'll be a faithful almoner of his bounty."

A cheque for five hundred pounds reached him the next day, with an intimation that "there was more where that came from;" but he returned a courteous note to the old man, saying that that sum would keep Muriel and the children well where they were until Jasper's term of imprisonment was over, when the future of all of them would be matter for consideration.

And so the days wore on. Jasper, content and quiet as far as it was possible, bearing his sentence with patience; Muriel as content in her absence of all knowledge of the calamity about her, the children happy and well, and Anthony Colliver, his identity proved at last, quietly taking possession of his brother's wealth. Everything was given up to him without reserve. How he proved the fact that he was himself matters little to our tale. Suffice it to say that he did prove it to the satisfaction of the lawyers.

S—— House was not dismantled this time. A rich merchant in pickles, as the lounging dandies of the clubs declared, having the aristocratic name of Hobbs, bought the furniture and fittings as they stood, and tried to rush into society on the strength of the display they were able to make therewith.

The spring lengthened almost into summer, and the world put on its gayest and liveliest tints; but somehow or other the sunshine seemed to have gone out of Ernest Dormer's life. His friends rallied him, and declared that he must be in love—that some woman must be at the bottom of his forlorn looks and pale face—but they were mistaken. Ernest Dormer was not a man to love lightly or often, and his grand passion had passed over his head while he was yet almost a boy, and when the fashionable world knew him not.

All that remained of it now was a marble tablet in a country church near Oxford, recording the death of the vicar's only daughter, and a few treasured relics of letters and faded flowers, which no human eye ever looked upon but his own. He had lived his life as far as love was concerned, and women, however beautiful, gifted or wealthy, passed by him now unnoticed.

All that had happened lately had preyed upon his spirits and health, and he resolved to forsake London for a while and go upon a walking tour. His cousin, Miss Carlyon, had despatched a pressing invitation to him to come to Kingcolm to recruit, but he shrank from the idea with a strange horror creeping over him.

"The end of my cousin's career is coming," he said to himself. "Whatever the secret of her life may be—and it has a secret—I will not be there when it is cried aloud to the world. I will have no part in the matter."

He had heard all that Mr. Vanburgh could tell him, and like that gentleman he wondered what had become of Mr. Septimus Luker. He wrote to Doris, advising her to travel, to get away from England for a time, till the scandal of Jasper Onslow's arrest should be over and her own health be better; but she would not listen to any advice, and answered his letter with an invitation to her birthday ball. He told her, in return, that he should be far away from Kingcolm at the time; but man proposes, etc. He was, as it happened, very close at hand.

Before he started on his tour, which was to be through Cornwall and out to the Scilly Isles, if his fancy led him thither, he went to Rugby to see his afflicted charge, and make sure that she was comfortable, and he gave Mrs. Simpson a string of addresses, properly dated, to which she was to write if anything went amiss.

"I shall take no news as good news, mind," he said; "but write if there is anything the matter."

"I don't think anything will be the matter," the good woman replied. "Poor dear, she gets better every day. She's no trouble. She sits there working and singing all day, and seems quite happy and content."

She looked so like the Muriel Chisholm of the old Kingcolm days as he turned to look at her that all the sorrow of the past few months seemed like a dream to him as he went away upon his jaunt.

A fortnight later, as he walked through the bright June sunset towards the little inn at Marazion, where he had taken up his quarters, his thoughts strayed to the evening when Doris Carlyon had made her show her hair to Jasper Onslow, and to all that had come of that fatal portrait painting.

"They were rivals then," he thought; "rivals ever since. I think poor Muriel is the happier of the two now. The sorrow of it all is a blank to her."

Perhaps "coming events cast their shadows before," as the old saying goes. He wondered much what made Muriel so present to his thoughts on this particular evening, and when he reached the inn he found a letter waiting for him.

"I hope nothing is the matter," he thought, as he recognized Mrs. Simpson's rather unsophisticated calligraphy.

But it appeared that something was the matter—rather seriously so.

DEAR SIR:—This comes to tell you, with my and Jim's duty, that the poor lady is very bad indeed. She's not ill—I don't mean that; but her poor mind's all gone dreadfully wrong. Jim and me don't know what to do, for she screams and rages dreadful, and talks about murder and a picture. Dear sir, we don't know what to do. The parish people have been, and say we must send her away; but Jim won't till we hear from you. We've kept her from hurting herself so far; but it's dreadful work, poor dear. Hoping you'll please to write or send, I remain your humble servant to command.

MARY SIMPSON.

Ernest Dormer rang the bell.

"When did this come?" he asked.

"Yesterday, sir," the landlady replied; "and here's a telegram that was sent on from Penzance this afternoon. Five and sixpence to pay for the messenger, if you please, sir."

He put the money on the table and tore open the envelope. It was a sequel to the letter, and only said:

Please come or send. We are in great trouble. She's gone, and we can't find her anywhere.

CHAPTER L.

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

My liege, thou wilt not hearken to this tale
Of a mad woman, vouting her sick fancies
Upon a lady of my state and honor.—*Milman.*

Ernest Dormer stayed for no rest in the humble little inn at Marazion. A post-chaise and pair conveyed him to the nearest railway station, and all through the dark hours of the night he was whirling away towards Rugby. By noon next day he was knocking at the door of Mary Simpson's cottage, and in a very few minutes he knew all that the good woman and her husband could tell him.

Muriel had suddenly taken a turn for the worse, and become violent. They had had to call in help to prevent her doing mischief, and finally they had locked her up; but she had managed to outwit them and escape.

"And how, I know no more than a baby," Mrs. Simpson declared. "She opened the door somehow and went out like a ghost; we never heard a sound."

"But something must have happened to make her worse. What was it?"

"That's what we can't think, sir. Nothing has happened here."

"Has any one been to see her?"

"No, sir."

"When did it first come on?"

"Just a week ago, sir; all of a sudden."

"What were you doing?"

The woman thought a moment, and then replied—

"We were sewing, sir—her and me—the children were abed, bless 'em—and John, he was reading a paper as he'd borrowed from the 'Arms,' yonder."

"Reading aloud?"

"Yes, sir."

"What about?"

"About the grand ball that's to be at Kingcolm Grange. Lor', sir, what's the matter?"

For Ernest had jumped up in an excited fashion that made her think he was as mad as her lodger.

"Nothing! Tell me just what happened, will you, please?"

"Surely, sir. John was reading all about the grand doings that were to be, and the company that was invited, and Miss Carlyon's dresses and that, when, all of a sudden, up the poor dear jumped, and caught up a knife that lay upon the table. She made at me as if she'd have killed me, and I was that frightened I hardly know what John did; but the neighbors came in and helped to get the knife from her, and get her upstairs. She never knew either of us after that, but kept on raving about all sorts of things that we could make nothing of, and then at last she got away."

"Thank you, Mrs. Simpson; I think I know where to find her. You are no way to blame, I am sure. When is this ball to take place?"

"To-night, sir."

"To-night?"

"Yes, sir; the ladies from the school are going—I saw their maid, just now."

"Then, I must go at once. Just a cup of tea, if you will make me one, Mrs. Simpson, and a wash and brush up, and I will go after her."

"You'll be knocked up, sir; you've been traveling all night."

"I'll rest when I've found that poor lady, and put her in safe keeping. She's no fit charge for you if she is violent."

"I'll do my best, sir; but she frightened us both. You'll let the children stay?"

"Yes, for the present. If I should miss her, and she has not gone where I fancy she has, detain her, and telegraph to me at Kingcolm Grange."

Mrs. Simpson promised, and he went his way to the station, where he could take a train which would bring him within a couple of miles of his destination. He had some little time to wait, and entered the waiting-room, where his advent was not noticed by a group of men who were standing talking by the window. Their voices fell upon his ear unheeded till the name of his cousin was uttered by one of them.

"They are going to the ball, I suppose," he thought; but their attire did not look particularly festive, and they seemed quite common people—certainly not guests that Doris Carlyon would invite to a ball.

"It's a pity we haven't got the other fellow," one said. "His evidence in the matter would be——"

"No better than mine," said one of the others, a pale, emaciated creature, who seemed scarce able to support himself. "I tell you I saw——"

"Hush!" one of the others said, putting his hand up to his face with a gesture that Ernest recognized at once, and knew him for a very clever and somewhat celebrated detective.

"What are they going to do?" he thought, in dismay, and the next moment Anthony Colliver's voice said:

"You had better sit down, Luker, you don't seem up to standing."

Luker! So the man was come to light again, and was here on his way to do all that he had threatened, and the horrible mystery of Teresa Sclavoni was being raked up again in real and terrible earnest! Oh, it could not be true! There must be some awful mistake—some blunder of identity. Doris could have nothing to do with such a wretched story. He would get to Kingcolm first and warn her. He pulled his hat down over his eyes and his collar up over his ears, and was going out when the detective spoke again:

"You have no idea what has become of the other person, Mr. Luker?"

"No, curse him! I had him well in hand, knew where to find him, could get him to do pretty much what I liked, and so on, when this infernal illness took hold of me and laid me by the heels. When I was able to make inquiries, all I could learn was that he had disappeared. No one has seen or heard of him since, that I can make out."

None of them noticed Ernest. He got out unobserved, and managed at the end of the journey to obtain the first conveyance in waiting.

It was dark by this time, and the horses had already conveyed one party of guests to Kingcolm; but they got over the ground in tolerable style, and he was soon at his destination.

"Now to get a word with Doris," he thought. "I can easily do it in the midst of all this bustle. If there is anything in this dreadful story—ah, heaven, that there should be an 'if' in such a matter!—I may give her time to escape."

"Miss Carlyon was in the ball-room," the servant told him. "Would he go upstairs and dress?"

"No; he must see Miss Carlyon, at once. Had any one been there—any lady?"

"No; the man had seen no lady—heard of none specially. A good many of the guests had arrived."

Straight to the ball-room went Ernest Dormer. Doris was there, as the man had said, looking very handsome, in a costume of white and crimson, similar in style to the one she had worn at S—— House.

Handsome as she was, she looked old and haggard, and the color on her cheeks was no natural bloom. She came forward to meet him with surprise that had a dash of terror in it.

"Why, Ernest," she exclaimed, "you here! What has happened?"

"Nothing yet, Doris. I am here for two things."

"Go upstairs and change your dress," she said, tapping him with her fan. "There's too much of the Bruin about you for a ball-room. You shall preach to me when you have a little more of the semblance of humanity about you."

"I didn't come here to dress, or to dance, or to preach, Doris. Come away a moment from these gay folks and this music. I must speak to you."

"Don't keep me now, Ernest," she said, with a strange persistence. "Don't you see Lady Mary Waters and her brother; I must be civil to my guests. I'll talk to you as soon as I can.

"Ah, Lady Mary, I was afraid you would not come. Lord Charles, what shall I do to punish you for being so late? Here are a score of young ladies in despair at your non-appearance."

"Do to me? Dance with me all the evening," replied the young man, who was a very pretty specimen of the swell of the period.

"I don't believe I have a dance to spare for you till after supper," she replied, taking up her tablets, which in very deed were almost full.

"Give me one then—an after supper waltz with you is like a first glass of champagne."

She nodded and put his name down, and at the moment a gentleman came up and claimed her for a waltz.

The chance of speaking to her was over for a time, and Ernest Dormer shrank behind the shadow of one of the festooned curtains and waited.

"She will not be warned," he said, to himself; "she must take her chance."

Dance after dance he waited for his opportunity, and all the time Doris was flying hither and thither, her face wreathed with smiles, her tongue eloquent with welcome, her restless feet never still.

At length he slipped out and managed to get a few words with Mrs. Bellew. From her he learned that no sign of Muriel had been seen at Kingcolm—nothing that could in any way point to her being in the neighborhood. Of the other danger that threatened Doris he hardly knew how to speak, not knowing how far the old lady understood what was going on.

"Did you ever hear of a Mr. Luker," he asked, at length—"Septimus Luker?"

Her face told him; she had heard the name and feared it.

"He is on the road now," he said, "with Anthony Colliver and two other men. Doris must be told before they come. I must get at her if I walk right into the middle of the dancers."

"She will listen to nothing—she is bewitched, I believe," said the old lady, wringing her hands. "Oh, heaven! What is that?"

"Just what I feared," said Ernest, springing forward towards Doris and an excited group in the centre of the ball-room.

Right into the middle of the dancers, and straight up to the mistress of Kingcolm Grange, had stalked a figure Ernest Dormer and Doris Carlyon knew only too well.

Where it had come from no one knew. Doors and windows were alike open, letting in the soft summer air, and the music, and the rustling of the dancers drowned all footsteps.

A woman, with pale, beautiful face, disordered dress, and yellow hair falling over her shoulders like molten gold in the lamplight, stood in the very middle of the room before any one was aware of her presence. There was no hesitation in her manner, no pause in her footsteps.

She went straight to where Doris was pausing for a minute in the dance and laid hold of her arm.

"Doris Carlyon, what have you done with my husband?"

Doris turned deathly white even to her tinted lips, and her face showed the rouge in red patches that would not pale; but she did not faint nor flinch.

"Poor thing, she is mad," she said to those around her. "It is Mrs. Onslow."

"Aye, mad!" said Muriel, with the horrible laugh of insanity. "Mad since the day I found my husband—my children's father—in her wicked arms. They will hang him, and his death will be at your door, Doris Carlyon. But for you I should never have spoken the words that sent him to yonder cold prison. But they were not true; they were not true!" she added, piteously. "And she is dancing here while the bell is tolling for his death."

"Take her away, somebody," said Doris, faintly. "She doesn't know what has happened, poor creature."

"Do I not know," said Muriel, in a voice that went to every heart. "Do I not? Is not my husband torn from me, my babes beggared, and all through her? They say he killed yonder weak old man; they lie—he did not! But it is done now, and I have come to kill her in expiation for the sin that widowed me."

Her arm was uplifted, and something gleamed in her hand; but before she could strike, her wrist was caught from behind, and Ernest Dormer had hold of her with a grip of iron.

"Come with me, Muriel," he said.

And she obeyed the sterner will, and suffered him to lead her through the window into the garden. Very gently he led her away from the blaze of light and the exciting sounds of the ball-room, walking quietly enough; but suddenly, in the shadow of a clump of trees she wrenched her wrist free from his detaining hand, and ran off with the speed of a greyhound in the direction of the park.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY J. POWERS.

A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, no buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender,
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

No babe within our arms to leap,
No little feet toward slumber tending;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our lips the sweet words lending.

The sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach,
Through Time's mysterious, dim unfolding,
The little ones with cherub smile
Are still our Father's face beholding.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

GOETHE AND FREDERICKA OF SESENHEIM.

BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

Liebe, nicht Liebesgewinn—"To love but not to win love's reward"—was ordained to the poor daughter of the pastor of Sesenheim. She is the most charming figure among all the women whom the great poet has made famous through his love—the only one, who realized for him, the high ideal of a worthy affection. The former relations between Goethe and the girlish sequaintances of his youth, can be scarcely regarded as serious, and he himself appears too young and too unmanly to awaken a real affection; while the later fancies of his are not to be compared with that pure love that blossomed in his heart, for sweet, guileless Fredericka Brion.

Her immediate successor was Werther's Lottie, the betrothed bride of Kestner, who could not have loved him without a breach of faith, and we have nowhere any proof, or any reason to suppose that Lottchen Buff, the worthy magistrate's daughter, was guilty of such untruth.

Into the vow of Goethe's love, then stepped Maximiliane Brentano, daughter of Sophie de la Roche, who certainly was not free, and of whom, in spite of her unhappy marriage, it could not be said that she loved the handsome young poet, who paid her homage. Then followed Lilli, who was really betrothed to Goethe, but her love could not have been the true love, for she quickly consoled herself, when, on account of various trifling pretexts, the engagement was broken, and she married Von Turkheim, with whom she perhaps lived more happily than would have been possible with that fiery spirit—Goethe.

Then, that beautiful, clear moon, Charlotte von Stein, passed over the heaven of the poet's fancy, but she could not, she must not love him, for she was the wife of another, and the mother of seven children. She consecrated to him, her whole soul, full of poesie and light, she dwelt with him in higher regions, but on earth she could offer him nothing. Therefore the poor son of earth fell into the earthly arms of Christine Vulpius, whom he could not lift from her moral abasement, although he raised her to the place of wife. She became the base alloy in the golden-glitter of his poet-frame!

But had the lovely Fredericka of Sesenheim, that smiling, morning-star of Goethe's youth, become his wife, how pure and spotless might then lie before us the life of our greatest modern poet! It is a groundless supposition that in this event, his creative impulse would not have unfolded so richly, that unfavorable contrasts were necessary to its development. The wings of so mighty a genius could not have been fettered, least of all by the holy bond of a noble love and a legal marriage. Schiller's beautiful domestic relations are proof of this.

Goethe's crime against Fredericka arose from pride and egotism; he thought the modest pastor's daughter too humble for his present position in life, and that higher place to which he was sure to climb.

But Nemesis pursued him, and, when he stood highest as poet and minister, urged him on to marry his housekeeper. It was a strange fancy of this Frankfort patrician—to imagine himself higher than the daughter of a learned man and a clergyman—the more so as Goethe was himself, the grandson of a tailor and an innkeeper.

Even at Goethe's first visit to Sesenheim, this brightness showed itself in the idea which possessed him to travel in disguise as if he were a prince. He wore such bad clothes that one would sooner have taken him for a poor candidate, than for the spoiled son of a rich Frankfort counsellor.

Sesenheim was the little parochial village of Pastor Brion, in Alsace, near Strassburg. The family of a country pastor was, at that time, enveloped in a sort of poetic nimbus, for that charming idyl of Goldsmith's, "The Vicar of Wakefield," was just going its rounds through the cultivated reading-world, and all hearts were enchanted by the supposed family history of the naive, humorous pastor in old England.

For more than half a century, "The Vicar" has served in Germany a text-book for the English language, and since it has become a school-book it has lost the significance of a romance, and does not now find many readers so enchanted with it as were Goethe and his cotemporaries.

He saw the ideals of this favorite romance realized in the family of the worthy pastor of Sesenheim; even the ruinous old house, in the midst of its vine-wreathed, unartistic garden, reminded him of the humble dwelling of the good Vicar of Wakefield.

With merry hearts Goethe and his friend Weyland, rode through the broad, open plains of Alsace, upon "that beautiful highway along the Rhine," as he has so charmingly told us in "*Warheit und Dichtung.*" A foot-path led over meadow lands to Sesenheim, the horses were left at the inn, and Goethe's friend said: "Do not be frightened at the old parsonage; it is quite modern within."

The pastor, a good-natured, simple-hearted man, entertains himself with the new visitors, without in the least dreaming of the trick concealed beneath the borrowed clothes; the wife is more shrewd, and keeps gazing critically at her guest. He perceives that she must once have been pretty, and that her figure is still charming and youthful.

The oldest daughter comes merrily bounding in; she is so exactly the image of Olivia, the vicar's daughter, that Goethe will only call her by this name. Even Moses, the younger son of the story, is present in the pastor's only son.

Fredericka does not at once appear, but all ask after her, thereby exciting the poet's curiosity. At last she comes, dressed in an airy, German-peasant costume—a striped skirt just reaching to the ankle, an open bodice and black silk apron. A straw hat trimmed with blue ribbon dangles from her arm, and Goethe at once sees that she has a nose somewhat inclined to turn up, sunny blue eyes, and lovely blonde hair carelessly floating over the shoulders. Her whole appearance is full of grace and delicacy as a spring flower.

She converses with him in a lively, confidential way, and sings him some songs to the accompaniment of a piano which the schoolmaster had forgotten to tune; the voice, too, is not quite clear, and she laughingly says that for this the schoolmaster can do nothing.

After the rural evening meal, they walk by moonlight in the fields, Fredericka already leaning upon Goethe's arm. He has been introduced by his friend as a poor student, but in Fredericka's charming presence he sometimes forgets his *rôle;* still, she remarks nothing, and talks on carelessly, yet with a charming intelligence.

That night the guests slept in good beds, under silk quilts, as the pride of a household of that day demanded. As the morning sun shone brightly into the windows, lighting up the plain clothes which Goethe had so courageously donned yesterday, he was very much ashamed, and, as his friend laughed at him over the comical figure he made by the clear light of day, he could not decide to appear again in such a garb, before the eyes of the young girls. He rushed from the house, and arriving at the inn, flung himself upon his horse, and rode away, while all his thoughts drew him back to the charming Fredericka and the true-hearted family circle of the parsonage at Sesenheim. He might have passed a whole day there, and now his bad clothes must deprive him of this pleasure!

He was greatly pained in not being able to apologize for having made his first appearance in so honorable and cultivated a family in such a foolish and inappropriate disguise. He resolved to atone for his fault, to hasten back to Strassburg, put on his best clothes, and with fresh horses again return to Sesenheim, to make a formal visit and to implore forgiveness.

But the delay and the formality did not please him, and so another fine idea entered his head, and helped him out of his quandary.

In the adjoining village of Drusenheim lived the landlord's son, a stately, handsome young fellow, of the same height as our waggish poet, who borrowed his Sunday clothes, hoping in the second disguise to atone for the first. If he could represent the whole affair as a jest, the merry freak of a young Doctor of the Law, it would lose that tinge of disrespect and condescension so mortifying to the inmates of the Sesenheim parsonage.

In order to perfectly act his *rôle* as the smart landlord's son, Goethe took charge of a huge, newly-baked cake, which, after the old custom, was to be sent to the pastor, with an invitation to a christening just at hand.

The ride back to Sesenheim over the flowery meadows smiling in the golden sunlight, with the fragrant cake wrapped in its white napkin, the peasant's hat, with its gay ribbon upon his curling hair, a new jest upon his lips, and in his heart the opening rosebud of love—this was certainly for Goethe one of life's happiest hours—the after-years, with all their fame and honor, were not rich enough to afford him many such.

He himself assures us that, with the cake in his hand, he sat upon the bench before the parsonage to rest, and, in full draughts, drank in the air of life. All went according to his wish. The suspicious mother first met him, and heartily forgave the fantastic disguise. She enjoyed the jest, and, as it were, with her blessing, he went to meet the daughter.

Upon a charming little spot in the garden, where the picturesque landscape of lovely Alsace was framed in by foliage, he found Fredericka. Her pale cheeks flushed rosy-red, and a suspicious beating at the heart took away her breath. With overflowing merriment, he told her the reason of his return, and his joy in meeting her again. How sweetly eloquent must have been his poet-lips, and how charming and natural it was for the magic words to find an echo in the young maiden's heart!

The whole day was golden with the sunshine of happiness. Full of gladness and hilarity, they gathered round the family-table in the jasmin-arbor, and Goethe related, with the talent of a fabulist, which he had inherited from his mother, a story of the spells of the modern Melusine. Like a disguised god among the shepherds, he dealt out the golden gifts of his rich fancy, and was admired as such by his astonished auditors. At that time nothing of his had been printed, but even then the halo of future renown seemed to be circling around his head.

The next day the two young students returned to Strassburg, but the visit was repeated in vacation. Upon a rainy evening Goethe set out. The moon accompanied his journey, throwing a ghostly light through the cloud-rent shadows, and the young student's merry humor vanished. Dim poetic fancies floated around him, and a presentiment arose within him that his love would bring no happiness to the peaceful parsonage. It seemed late for a visit, and he almost felt that he must turn back. At the inn in Sesenheim, where he had before put up his horse, he heard that the two sisters had just been seen taking an evening walk.

A strange longing drove him onward. Soon he saw their light dresses shimmering through a hedge, and then heard them chatting before the house-door, as if expecting no one. At sight of him, they uttered an exclamation of delight, and he found that in the cozy sitting-room a table was already spread for him. This family-like reception went to his heart, and he felt that, through some fatality, Fredericka had reckoned upon his visit.

Goethe, in the naivest manner, has described the innocent conviviality of the last century. It was deemed no offence for people to dance at the parsonage until far into the night, and to pay forfeits with kisses. A throng of guests soon entered the house, in their noisy merriment little dreaming that they gave the lovers more opportunity of being together than solitude could have offered. Fredericka's true character was more and more revealed to her lover, as he saw her gentle grace, her thoughtful serenity, her unconscious *naivete*, her pleasing friendship toward every one.

In happy security, she allowed her handsome lover to assist in entertaining the guests. She already felt that she belonged to him.

Under the eyes of the good pastor and his wife this mutual affection unfolded without timidity. Goethe was talkative, merry, witty, infinitely happy when by Fredericka's side, but kept within due bounds by respect and affection. Fredericka was, in like manner, frank, merry, cordial, and sparkling with wit and humor. She appeared in all that native loveliness which Goethe has described in one of his charming poems.

He brought her the sweet verses with a ribbon which he himself had painted in flowers, after the fashion of the time, and she returned the present with little gifts of love, accompanied by bridal kisses. The good, discreet parents, did not urge a formal betrothal, but they expected it, as may naturally be supposed. They left the lovers to themselves, allowed them a written correspondence, provided them with innocent amusements, and, above all, the whole family passed some days in visiting the city, so that Goethe might see his beloved amid other surroundings.

Goethe had some doubts as to Fredericka's appearance in this new atmosphere, but the trial resulted entirely in her favor, and he could not have harbored the remotest thought that she was not his equal in birth and breeding. Still he resolved to sever the tie that bound him to Pastor Brion's daughter. He saw her eyes swimming in tears, and still mutely reached her his hand at parting.

His worshipers say that if he had married at that time, it would have hedged up his way to the Promised Land of freedom and beauty. It is a fatally common belief of the world of men that marriage is a fetter to genius, and yet this idea is sustained by no signal example. If pecuniary needs and embarrassments accompany marriage, it may perhaps be a hindrance to free intellectual development, but in Goethe's more fortunate worldly position this was not to be apprehended.

With Fredericka at his side, he might have founded a household free from such embarrassments; but he thought not of the young girl's happiness—true egotist that he was, he thought only of his own ease and comfort, which, through the renunciations and restraints of an early marriage, might have been in some measure disturbed.

The impulse of that youthful spirit to soar on unfettered wings far away into the distance was only natural, but a properly cultivated moral sentiment might have overcome this impulse, and have led him gladly to wear those fetters of love which could be sacred only when in a true marriage of the heart.

But Goethe was never strict with himself, and he received only weak indulgence from others; therefore, he failed in firmness and decision. He allowed himself to drift carelessly along the stream of life, unconcerned about the flowers he plucked and with lavish hand threw from him to float adown the waves.

The gentle Fredericka, in her love and reverence for him, might perhaps have confided in his truth, and counted upon his return for betrothal and marriage.

She allowed him the parting kiss before witnesses, she wrote him the sweetest letters, which were "just as graceful and charming as her dancing step, as sunny as her smile, and as deep as her glance!"

After Goethe had experienced the rapture and intoxication of this poetical correspondence, he wrote a parting letter which must have torn Fredericka's heart, for it took from her every hope of their union!

His own vacillation and longing for freedom were strengthened by the thought of his proud, obstinate father, his mocking sister, the stiff, cold relatives who would all have looked sneeringly upon his union with a country pastor's daughter. Later, even Lilli, who was of more aristocratic birth than himself, was not thought good enough, and must break her betrothal with him.

How must Fredericka Brion have suffered as the beloved one left her forever? A whole summer full of happiness and poetry had dawned upon her life. What sweet hours of expectation the twilight of a bright summer's day would bring when the fascinating visitor came late at evening, walking as was his custom, from the neighboring village of Drusenheim! With light step he would hasten through the blooming hedges, on into the jasmin arbor, where the little company listened with delight to his merry laugh and his waggish recital.

The beautiful darling of the gods—the witty conversationalist, the brilliant poet, the man of the world confident of victory, and the ardent admirer, must have kindled in the heart of this young girl of scarce eighteen years, flames of admiration and love. Well might Goethe have said of her: "She has beautifully loved me," and the "rosy spring weather;" that after his poetic descriptions rested upon her fair, gentle face, was but the reflection of her inward happiness.

That summer with its radiant glory sank into the dusky night of sorrow. The cold, distant words of Goethe's parting letter fell like a mildew upon Fredericka's young life. Not only the loss of the beloved one, but also the mortification of not being thought good enough for him, gnawed at her heart.

Fredericka answered Goethe's letter in a manner that rent even his proud, cold heart. She made no reproaches; she uttered no lament; but in every word lay the deepest sorrow.

She became very ill, and over the once sunny parsonage at Sesenheim fell the shadow of anxiety and sorrow for her. But she recovered, and again lifted her little head like a snow-bell from under the ice.

In the summer guests again came to the jasmin-bower, and among them a lover of a fiery sort, Berthold Lenz, Goethe's friend, who envied him his young renown, and would be one with him in love. But Fredericka firmly though kindly declined his offer, saying that the heart which had once been Goethe's could never belong to another.

After the lapse of eight years the faithless Goethe again visited Sesenheim. He thought it very strange that no one reproached him, but all received him with dignity and cordiality. He found Fredericka still charming, and almost unchanged. But he made no effort to win back her love; his heart was now ruled by Frau von Stein, a woman who could never be his.

Fredericka died at Sesenheim, in the year 1813. In 1865 a monument was erected to her memory by the German poets, whose ideal she has always been.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IN HIS HAND.—A story of the Waldenses, seven hundred years ago, by E. E. Hale. Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Publishers, Boston. Received from J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., New York, have sent us Blackwood's Magazine for July, the first number of a new volume. The most noticeable articles among its contents are "Family Jewels;" "Two Cities;" "Two Books;" and "Brackenburg's Narrative of the Ashantee War."

INTO THE LIGHT.

"Toil and trouble! Toil and trouble!" sighed Maggie Dawson, as she walked home in the early winter twilight from her work at the milliner's establishment.

And the shadow of discontent was still on her fair, young face, when she came to her own door. But there on the threshold was her rebuke. A blind child sat on the step, and Maggie paused to speak to her.

"Where are you going, my child, and why do you choose such a cold resting-place?"

"Alas! I have no other," sighed the child, her sightless eyes full of unshed tears. "I have no one to care for me in all the wide world; my only brother is lost at sea, and I wait now for Providence to take me home."

"You shall come in with me, and share my humble cottage," said Maggie, the cloud of care fading from her face. "I have warm fire, at least, and bread to eat."

And she led the blind child in and gave her the warmest corner by the fireside; and all through the long, cold winter, she toiled for herself and the child, and forgot to call it trouble.

The bright days of spring came at last, and the earth grew warm and beautiful. One day Maggie came home from work, with the quick, cheerful step which had become habitual to her since she had the blind child to care for, and there, on the old stone doorstep, was a pleasant-faced sailor, browned with the sun of an Eastern land, holding blind Jenny on his bosom.

The quick step halted, while her kind heart beat faster at the sight of her friend's happiness.

"It is Maggie!" said the child, slipping out of her brother's arms to meet her best friend.

And Maggie Dawson found her hand clasped close in a grateful clasp, and liquid shining eyes down into her own, with tender entreaty.

"You have been a friend to my precious little sister when she needed one sorely. Let me be your friend now."

And Maggie did not withdraw her hand until he stepped across the threshold with her into the sanctity of her little home.

Day by day it was brightened by beautiful gifts. Treasures brought from foreign lands found their way into every nook and corner; and every evening, when work was over, the sailor-brother brought the sunshine of his brave face across the threshold, and told them stories of his long wanderings in other lands—of his shipwreck and escape—until Maggie put up her hand to hide the bright tears in her eyes, and Jenny crept between them, holding a hand of each.

And then it was that the bright tear of sympathy won its way to the sailor's heart; the friend became a lover, and the little cottage became a bit of Paradise, where toil was ever delight, and trouble was unknown in that happy and peaceful domestic circle.

Toil and trouble! Words so easily put together. Yet let a cheerful charity go hand and hand with a cheerful toil, and trouble will vanish like a mist over the mountain.

IN THE LONG RUN.

There is no little of repining on the part of many worthy people, which must be attributed chiefly to a habit of forgetting some well-known truths. It would be good for all to remember that in the long run, the things which now fret and annoy, will all be seen to be parts of a plan of infinite benevolence. The evils we lament will be turned into agencies for good, and the sorrows we experience will eventuate in future joys. That life is the sweetest which is passed in extracting honey even from the bitterest adversities; and he is the wisest man who can most heartily confide in the rectitude of Providence, and in the final supremacy of truth and right. In the long run, that Christian will come out well who works cheerfully, heartily, hopefully, without wasting his energies upon vain regrets and passionate murmurings. The bird sings in the storm; why may not the child of God rejoice too, even though the passing clouds lower?

MAN'S ACTIVITY.—Man is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind than in preserving the purity of the affections and the heart.

A SHREWD business man says he never suffered pecuniarily by his enemies, but his friends had often occasioned him repeated losses. The reason is plain; he trusted his friends, but not his enemies.

IT is never more difficult to speak well than when we are ashamed of our silence.

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The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1874
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
Robt. Jarvis C. Walker, Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, August 15, 1874.

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Correspondents' Bureau. Answers to all Inquirers.

GOOD-HEARTED PEOPLE.

What a comfort they are in this often uncomfortable world, those good-hearted people who cross your path at times!—people who like to please and be pleased—who do not indulge in sarcasm—who never believe more than they can help against people who delight in innocent amusements, and take pleasure in other people's courtships—who don't probe your sore points intentionally, and, finding out your foibles, trouble your peace through them—who never repeat what this person or that person has said against you, but who delight in letting you know of those little compliments that cheer one's life so—that are really so nice and wholesome for us, because there is an atom of brotherly love in them.

From these folks young Brushhard never receives the paper in which some bilious critic has called his last new picture "a mere daub;" but he receives the precious paragraph in which some kind soul has said, "If Brushhard works carefully, he will some day rival Turner; and even now his skies are glorious." It is cut out, and carefully enclosed to that anxious artist by the good-hearted man.

As for the good-hearted woman, what a dear old soul she is! How she loves to have you to tea, and whispers, "How nice you look!" and lets you have your chat with the nicest man in the room, and gives you flowers when you go home, and don't tell every one that you must be ten years older than you say you are.

Find a couple of good-hearted folks, and their home is a paradise. I'd rather have such friends, even if they were the plainest people under heaven, than make one of a coterie of the brightest wits and greatest celebrities under the sun. I'd rather be good-hearted, if only heaven would make me truly so, than to be wise or beautiful or great beyond comparison. For many a wise man is too wise for happiness, and many a wit too bitter for love, and many a beauty colder than an icicle; but a good, warm, loving heart must bring a little ray of heaven's sunshine down to earth, and give great peace to its possessor.

OLD MELODIES.

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

It was only a verse of a song that all of us used to know and sing a few years ago, though one never hears it now—Stephen C. Foster's "Old Folks at Home." What a favorite that was in its day, and that day not so far back, either. Fathers and mothers sang it, young men, and maidens, and little children; the mechanic at his work, the mother at her baby's cradle. There were some who sneered at it as a negro melody, but in its simple, touching words, and sadly sweet air, was a charm which the great heart of the people acknowledged, and they set the seal of their approval upon it. Sung in palace and cottage and fisherman's hut, in city and country, and by the sea, wherever the English language was spoken by Americans, this song, by America's most popular composer, went, too; and alas! like everything else in this mutable world, it had its day and was forgotten.

And there was another that we all remember—the "Old Kentucky Home." To theatre goers the name will recall a scene in Uncle Tom's Cabin; an old man sitting with bowed head, singing of the home he should never see again.

But these old songs, with many others like them, are among the things that were. Gone with the old days, never to return. Popular taste and feeling have undergone great changes, and this changed feeling finds expression in a new class of songs, beautiful, many of them, but lacking the charm of old association, and *that*, after all, is what so endeared those early favorites, touching them with that "Light that never was on sea or land," the light of memory.

Progress of Truth.—When a great truth is to be revealed, it does not flash at once on the race, but dawns and brightens on a superior understanding, from which it is to emanate and to illuminate future ages. On the faithfulness of great minds to this awful function, the progress and happiness of men chiefly depend. The most illustrious benefactors of the race have been men who, having risen to great truths, have held them as a sacred trust for their kind, and have borne witness to them amidst general darkness, under scorn and persecution, perhaps in the face of death. Such men, indeed, have not always made contributions to literature, for their condition has not allowed them to be authors; but we owe the transmission, perpetuity, and immortal power of their new and high thoughts, to kindred spirits, which have concentrated and fixed them in books.

Truth and Error.—Truth being founded on a rock, you may boldly dig to see its foundations without fear of destroying the edifice; but falsehood being laid on the sand, if you examine its foundations you cause its fall.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

BY FLORENCE MALCOLM.

She sat in the shade of the portico,
Busy with some sweet task;
The Spanish eyes and the forehead low,
Hid by the airy mask
Of the dusky hair that had rippled down
As he sprang o'er the flower bed—
In sooth, she had purposed to frame a frown,
But she framed a smile instead!

He took her hand in that certain way,
More eloquent than words;
No sound fell into the silent day,
Save the chirp of the orchard birds;
Her work lay close by *her* side unscanned,
The book on her knee unread—
In sooth, she had purposed to loose her hand,
But he caught the other instead!

And when with the wealth of the rosy June,
The bees to their hives had got,
He leaned through the lull of the sleepy noon,
And whispered a—*you know what!*
She swayed from his earnest eyes, and low
She buried her blushing head—
In sooth, she had purposed to say, "No! no!"
But she murmured "Yes!" instead!

KATE HADLEY AND I.

BY MAUD MERIDETH.

My dear Jack:—Won't you shake the dust of the city off your feet, and come to Maplehurst to spend the heated term? Nellie and Sue are to be here, so you will miss them if you go to the seaside; and I have my especial friend, Kate Hadley, with me, of whom you have heard me speak so often. I have not mentioned half the choice spirits; there is to be quite a party of gentlemen, as well as ladies, here to enjoy my hospitality this summer. Now do decide to come here to Maplehurst, and not disappoint

Your loving sister, Nett.

This was the missive I received one excessively warm day early in June. But I had made arrangements to accompany a party to the seaside, so sent my regrets, with a half promise to run up there towards the close of the season. Somehow I did not enjoy it that year as usual, and after a few weeks suddenly resolved to go to Maplehurst. I wished to see Nettie, and I confess the society of my two favorites was no small inducement; but the *Kate* she spoke of—the less said of her the better. I wondered how Nettie could choose her for a friend, and what my friends Murray and Kendall thought of her.

I arrived unexpectedly one morning, and surprised Nettie alone—the rest had gone pic-nicing.

"Dear Jack," said she, when we had settled quietly down for a chat; "I'm so glad you have come. We are having such a gay season; something new every day. I have a housefull, and I know you will be in your element. Kate is still here, too, and you have not seen *her* yet."

"Humph! As if that was the greatest attraction you could possibly offer a fellow, Nett. I've seen her twice, and I confess I've no desire to see her again. I cannot understand your infatuation."

"Why, Jack, I'm surprised! You must be mistaken."

"Not at all, sis."

"Where have you seen her?"

"Well, you know she lived near Springdale, with her uncle, only ten miles from here, six years ago. The first time I was here after your marriage, while riding around the country, I came upon this same paragon of yours, *sans* shoes and stockings, working in the hay-field, *a la* Maud Muller; but without Maud Muller's grace and beauty. Well, three years ago, you remember, after my return from Europe, I was here some time. Strolling that way one day, I came across her again; with shoes on this time, but holes in the toes of them displayed to the admiring passer-by blue stockings; just think of it! blue yarn stockings, ough! You need not laugh; there she was with hammer and nails mending the garden-fence; and now I find her an inmate of my exclusive sister's parlor."

"Oh, Jack! you are as sensitive in regard to female attire as ever, and you know you are too prone to judge by first appearances. A worthier inmate could not grace any parlor than Kate Hadley, say what you will. When you first saw her she was a mere child of fifteen, and working in the hay-field was not the hardest labor she was obliged to perform. I have heard she was a perfect drudge there for four years. An orphan cast upon their bounty—they did not spare her; and after her aunt's death she took the responsibility of the household on her young shoulders. She must have led a hard, loveless life, devoid of sympathy; for old Adam Gray cared for naught but his gold and lands; but she worked faithfully for duty's sake, with no appreciation or encouragement. I am thankful her lot is easier now. After old Adam's death it was found that he had willed her one-half of his property, and I hope her trials are over. I, for one, am proud to call her friend."

"Well, sis, you really wax eloquent over your subject, and make her quite a heroine in real life."

"Which she undoubtedly is, Jack."

And here our conversation was interrupted.

After dinner, I strolled off to the woods, and in trying to cross the brook, lost my footing, and splashed in like a great turtle. I wended my way back considerably *cooled*, and stole quietly up the back stairs, intending to reach my room unseen, as, by the noise and laughter below, I perceived the party had returned.

But, woeful to relate. As I was stealing noiselessly along, just before I reached my door, I perceived, leaning against the balcony railing, a young lady I had never seen, who seemed chiefly occupied just then in counting the patches of mud scattered lavishly upon my garments and face, while an amused and rather sarcastic smile graced her features. Now, I did not relish that, at all, for I am very particular (or rather was, in those days) concerning my own personal appearance, and no one of my acquaintance ever saw "immaculate Jack Hinton" in such a plight before. Disappearing within my own room, with rather more haste than grace, I've no doubt, I proceeded to make myself presentable, after which, a glance in the mirror tended somewhat to calm my ruffled spirits. Of course, in the parlor I was heartily welcomed among them—they all being friends—and perceived, to my relief, the strange lady was absent. But she came in with Nettie just before tea, and I was formally introduced to "Miss Hadley," and, to my utter surprise, beheld her a lovely young lady, with the most bewitching eyes and mouth I ever saw, and *such* hair, crowning her beautiful head with its own glory. Sister Nett saw my surprise, and enjoyed it, but she could not have known why I flushed at that peculiar smile I had seen on the balcony; but we glided into quiet conversation for the few minutes before tea. At the table she sat opposite, for I, of course, handed in my old pet and playfellow, Sue Edgerton, and after furtively studying her face, I allowed even *I* could not find a single flaw. I perceived, in the course of the evening, that Kate Hadley was a favorite with all, as well as sister Nettie.

Day after day brought its pleasures. I flirted with the girls, as usual, and probably would have with Kate, but there was a certain something—a thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, air—about her, which forbade anything of the kind. I could not quite understand her, and, being a traveled man of the world, who prided myself on my knowledge of the *sex*, the conclusion I was forced to arrive at was not extremely pleasant.

One summer evening, as we were all starting for a horseback ride, we missed Kate, but sister, who was also of the party, explained that she had decided to remain at home. So her horse was led back to the stable, and we started off, helter-skelter, up the road. As we were descending a hill, my horse stumbled, and fell, throwing me some little distance. I got up, however, telling the rest not to stop, I was all right, but, soon after mounting again, I felt a stinging pain in my right hand, and told them I had cut my hand a little, and would go back, if they would proceed without me. The groom took my horse, and I passed through to the side-porch, and sat down to examine my wounds. Soon I felt a light touch on my shoulder, and a sweet voice, which thrilled me, said:

"Why, Mr. Allyn! Are you back so soon? And you are hurt, let me see," and she had taken my soiled bloody hand, tenderly, when glancing at my face perceived her mistake, as I said: "Not Mr. Allyn, exactly, but Mr. Hinton." She dropped the hand instantly, and through the gathering dusk, I could see an annoyed look cross her face.

"Pardon me, I was mistaken. I thought"—she hesitated and drew back.

My hand had begun to throb painfully. "Never mind," said I, coldly, provoked at the change in her voice and manner; and began to pick out bits of glass from the wound, which was worse than I had imagined. She watched me a moment in silence, turned as if to go, then suddenly coming to my side again, said, half constrainedly, "Mr. Hinton, perhaps, I can help you, let me see;" and calling for linen and water, her soft little hands dressed mine, quickly and skillfully, while I explained how it happened. Gradually we became quite sociable, and a charming hour was spent on the porch in the moonlight, ere the return of the equestrians. I went to bed that night, confessing that at last I was in love, and with Kate Hadley. The next morning I chanced to meet her alone in the library, and ere long had—impulsively as men in love sometimes do—asked her to marry me. I might have known better, but I certainly was not prepared for the look she gave me, accompanied by the scornful words, "You are either very insulting or beside yourself. Your memory is very short. How long ago was it you expressed surprise, that your sister tolerated a person you very graphically described, as guilty of working barefoot, and wearing blue stockings. When you next discuss absent people, be sure none of them happen to be within hearing;" and left me abruptly staring at vacancy. Well! if that was not the greatest damper my pride and self-love ever received! I sat still a little while, trying to realize my situation. Ere I rose, I vowed that if we both lived, she should become my wife. She should love me yet. I made up my mind to face the matter boldly; I would not leave Maplehurst, giving her a chance to think me grief-stricken after my rejection.

So we both staid under the same roof, seemingly the same as ever. At last the bright summer had nearly waned. I was going back to town to-morrow. Some had already left, the others were going immediately. Nettie had persuaded Kate to remain at least a week after we had left her. That last warm hazy afternoon I strolled out to one of the arbors. It was delightfully cool and pleasant there, and as I threw myself down on one of the low benches, I espied a book down behind a garden chair, the very book I had heard Kate Hadley inquiring so anxiously for, a few days before. I quickly took possession of it, and opened it the first thing, of course.

Now, reader, I would not tell you this, but it is too good to keep. The first page I happened to open at, was a *fac simile* of myself, as I must have appeared after my plunge in the muddy brook, the day I first met her. I could not but recognize it instantly. Turning leaf after leaf, upon which were displayed real talent, even in the slightest sketches, I found at last, between the leaves, a half written letter. Now, as I have begun, I'll tell you the whole truth, as you will probably never know who I am; I, without the least hesitation, opened that letter, and read as follows:

September 10th, 18—.

My Dearest Emma:—I am sincerely glad you trusted me so fully, as to confide to my keeping your secret; rest assured it will remain inviolate. You say, happy am I, that I have a heart all my own, as I know nothing of the pangs you suffer. My darling, I will tell you what no other will ever know. I am as utterly wretched as a proud heart can make its possessor. I devotedly love one, of whom any woman might be proud, (and I know this will seem strange to you,) A month ago he asked me to be his wife, and I scornfully *refused*, because my pride had caused a mole-hill to become a mountain. He is not a man that will sue a second time, and I have deliberately raised a barrier between us, that will never be overcome. I would not tell you this, were it not we have always shared each others troubles, and I need your sympathy. My future now has——

Here the letter remained unfinished. How my heart beat. With triumph? No, with love, for I loved her now more than ever. Now I understood why she had nearly moved the house from its foundation for that book. I quietly proceeded to the house with it, and, hearing the piano, looked in the parlor, and discovered her practicing alone. I stole quietly up behind her, and placed the book, open to the ridiculous picture of myself, before her without a word. How she started! And how pale she turned as the letter slipped out upon the keyboard! I shall never forget her look, as she said, in a stifled voice:

"Where did you find it?"

"In the arbor, under the garden chair."

A silence followed, during which I could fairly hear her heart throbbing under its weight of mortification. At last, for I pitied her as she sat there with downcast head and scarlet face covered with confusion, so in contrast with the cool proud girl I had known as Kate Hadley:

"Kate, I have done a dishonorable act, unbecoming a gentleman. I have seen your book and read your letter, but I do not regret it, for it has made me very happy. Oh! darling, do not wrong your own heart and mine again, for I love you as a man never loves but once. Surely you will not destroy the life-long happiness of us both on account of the thoughtless, careless words I spoke ere I had seen you!"

And for answer I received——. Well, no matter, reader, but it was a different answer from the first, and perfectly satisfactory. I did not leave Maplehurst the next day. We were married at Christmas.

THAT BLESSED WIND!

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," says the proverb; and I have no intention of disputing it. Indeed, I am quite convinced that such a wind must be very ill indeed. But our fine little infant hurricane of September 8th was not one of these. Among its many misdeeds, was one flirt of good nature, which I make haste to record to its credit, while every one else is charging it with damages done.

All day long during that capricious, windy, sunny, cloudy, and altogether unreasonable day of Wednesday, my dear little friend Bessie had been wandering about the house like an unquiet spirit. Seeing how matters stood, I excused her entirely from all duties of hospitality towards me, her visitress.

"Let me entertain myself, Bessie," I said. "I don't like to have people think that they must sit down and fold their hands, and converse politely, because I have come to see them. Make believe, dear, that I am not here, and do just what you would do if you were alone."

Now I knew perfectly well that what my sweet, blue-eyed Bessie would have done had she been alone, was to just sit down and cry those blue eyes almost blind; and I knew equally well that she would not do it while I was there. But I wanted to put her at ease.

The whole story was plain to me, or nearly all of it. I had seen too much of her and Arthur Blake, over the way, not to know that there was more love between them than could be broken into by outside storms without making some, at least, temporary shipwreck. Arthur was a fine young man, handsome, honest and tender, with a pretty fair portion of spirit and determination. He was not one to make a parade of his private feelings; but I had seen him watch my darling's graceful, soft ways with an unconscious smile dawning on his lips, and a light in his eyes that told a sweet tale to whoever might look closely. And Bessie—the girl only breathed in him, it seemed. I believe she waked thinking of him, and dropped asleep thinking of him, and never ceased thinking of him, dreaming or waking. I used to sigh, sometimes, seeing how utterly her heart was in his keeping.

But not a word had she told me with those beautiful lips of hers. It was through her transparent face and actions that I learned all I knew; and more credible witnesses could not be had.

The two were not engaged; that I was sure of. I did not believe that there had even been any love-talk between them; that is, any that could be reported. What eyes, and actions, and tones say is not to be put into words. They were in that delicate, perilous position, when the happiness of two loving hearts is absolutely perfect, and at the same time most easily destroyed — that silent understanding which seems so sure, yet may be lost through a look or a word.

Arthur Blake was going away, I had learned. He had got tired of our country town, and fancied that he would do better to get into practice in London. There was nothing to bind him to either place. He was quite free. His nearest relative was an uncle, who would help to settle him as a surgeon wherever he should choose to live; and Arthur himself had a little property of his own, and need not be in any killing haste, or afraid of taking a week's rest, and time to look about.

This much had been told me that very Wednesday morning, when I was on my way to spend the day with Bessie.

"But Bessie?" I asked, of my informant.

"I fancy that they are off," was the reply. "You know it wasn't an engagement, perhaps only a flirtation. At any rate, I saw Arthur walking out the other day with Julia Raymond; and, at the same time, Charles Rivers was making a call on Bessie. Arthur and Julia passed the house, and saw them sitting in the window."

I went on in a troubled frame of mind, thinking that this beautiful, sunny-sailing little love-affair, which had been the delight of my eyes, was, perhaps, running among the breakers; longing to interfere, yet fearing to, since outsiders so often do more harm than good. And the moment I saw Bessie's pitiful smile, I know that she was being torn on the reefs.

"So Mr. Rivers came to see you the other night," I said, as we sat together in the afternoon, Bessie at one window, I at another, looking out into the rainy street, and listening to the rising wind.

"Yes," said Bessie, keeping watch, I could see, on the opposite house, not to lose sight of Arthur when he should come home. There would be so few more comings home; for he was to go the very next day.

"I wish Mr. Rivers wouldn't come here," she said, after a pause. "I don't care for him; but he seems to want people to think that I do. May be he doesn't mean it; but it's just as provoking as if he did."

I was turning over a photograph album, and stopped at a pictured face that gave me a chance to say something else I wanted to say.

"This is a very good photograph of Miss Julia Raymond. She takes well. Her's is just one of those faces that look best in a picture, because it is unchanging. She has mere pretty features, but no expression."

Bessie's face brightened a little. "Some people admire her very much," she said, faintly.

"I don't know any one who does," I replied, in a careless voice.

Then there was silence. I saw Arthur come home, walk up the steps of the house without even looking across the street, go in, and presently appear at the window of his room directly opposite us. Bessie sat with eyes downcast, her color changing from red to white, her bosom heaving with the tumultuous beatings of her heart, her poor little hands all in a quiver.

The young man may have given a swift glance across, but it was only a glance. He closed one of his windows, and, since the wind was now high, closed the blinds too, all but one half; and then he disappeared. He had been went to sit there, and, with some pretence of reading a book in his hand, keep watch on the girl over the way, both of them happy in that companionship, though perhaps they did not how, even to each other.

I looked at Bessie as the last blind was closed, and scarcely could restrain an exclamation, so pale had she grown. For a moment, she seemed on the point of dropping out of her chair. But as she did not look up, I kept silence. Poor child! That shutting of blinds seemed to her, I knew, like shutting her out.

The wind rose, and beat the trees, and twisted off leaves and branches. It shook the windows, banged the blinds, tore off slate from roofs, and carried it about like feathers. Underneath our window, it bent a street lamp off its post, and scattered the broken glass about. There was a roaring in the chimneys, a crash every moment, as some shutter, skylight, or fence went by the board. From our sheltered windows we looked out on the storm; I with that interest which such freaks of nature are calculated to inspire; Bessie with the cold listlessness of a creature half senseless. She never said a word, only glanced out, now and then, and idly scribbled on a piece of paper that lay on the window ledge.

After a while, I began to suspect that Mr. Arthur Blake was not so very far away from the front of the house, as he would have us think. A glimpse of a coat-sleeve was vouchsafed me from behind the blind that was half shut; and I soon got a comfortable assurance that not a look or motion of the pallid girl at the other window was lost on him.

While I looked, the wind rose in one of its most fearful gusts; it caught the maple tree under the window, and bent its head to the earth; it carried on its wings leaves, dust, tiles, slates, everything it could catch; it suddenly dashed in a pane of glass, and the next moment it caught and carried out the slip of paper on which Bessie had been scribbling for the last half-hour.

She started up with a cry, and tried to catch it back, leaning into the tempest without a thought of its fury, wide awake now, and as red as she had been pale the moment before.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried, in distress. "I have been writing every sort of nonsense on that. Oh, what shall I do? Could I get it by going out, do you think? I should die if anyone were to read it! My name is written there."

The wind seemed fairly to laugh as it lifted the fluttering slip of paper straight up in the air, then lowered it tantalizingly again, only to snatch it away from the two outstretched white hands that vainly caught at it through the rain.

Some one besides me was watching. Arthur Blake was leaning from his window (now open), and looking over with eager eyes, that were full of doubt and questioning. And he, too, watched the floating atom on which, of course, he had seen Bessie betraying the wanderings of her wayward thoughts.

It's my immovable belief that the wind was reading that paper while it held it suspended during the first minute. For all the world it looked as though two invisible hands of an invisible winged creature held the slip; then, with a whirl and a whistle, darted across the way, flung it into the opposite window, and flew off to knock somebody's chimney over, or wrench away a skylight.

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried Bessie, standing in the middle of the room, with her hands over her face. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

As the slip of paper was flung in at his window, Arthur Blake grasped it, and disappeared a moment. Perhaps it was not what is called strictly honorable, but, of course, he read every word of it.

It couldn't have taken him long; for in about three minutes the street-door of the house opened and out he came into the storm; and, in spite of gust and missile, straight across the street to our house. I heard a tremendous peal of the bell, then a step coming upstairs. And all the time, there stood Bessie in the middle of the floor, with her hands over her crimson face, and her soft, trembling voice repeating over and over the helpless exclamation, "What shall I do?"

The door of the room was flung open without a knock, and in stepped the young man, with the truant paper in his hand, his beautiful hair tossed and drenched with rain, and such a light face as gladdened my heart to see.

"Bessie!" he exclaimed, ignoring my presence altogether.

She uttered a cry, uncovered her face one instant, covered it again, and turned away from him.

"My own little Bessie!" he said, going to her. "How could you believe that I cared for Julia? She told me that you liked Rivers; but it was false, I know now. There, dear, I won't go; so don't break your heart. I couldn't leave you!"

I rose and withdrew from the room, and neither of them asked me to stay. Moreover, neither of them apologized for leaving me to entertain myself one full hour. But Bessie gave me an awful hugging, when at last Arthur went away, and between tears and smiles, whispered, "That blessed wind!"

No matter what was written there—what heart-breaking pleadings, what confessions. The wind knew, and the lovers knew; and that is enough. So much for the ill wind that blew somebody good.

Good Advice—Perhaps.—Ladies, listen to some advice—you need it badly enough, there's not a question of that. Don't give your beaux a chance to feel sure of you. It's bad for them, and it's worse for you. There are exceptions, to be sure; there are men who may be safely trusted with the knowledge that they are all in all to the heart of the woman they are wooing, but such are deplorably few. The ardor of most men lasts only so long as lasts their uncertainty. Keep them off, and they'll grow more and more devoted. Bring them near, and they'll cool off as fast as a flat-iron in the snow. Let them think you care little for them or their love, and they will try hard to become more worthy of your regard. Not flirt, nor strive to wound their feelings; we don't mean that—humanity forbid! But don't make yourself cheap. Just keep your own counsel, and the more hopelessly in love you are, the more do you guard the knowledge of that fact from your lover. Keep it down and in, all that you possibly can, till the magic words are said that make you one; then take off the bands, but do it gradually—"grow upon him"—show him by degrees the strength of the passion which he has awakened in your soul.

He who does not bring up his son to an honest employment brings him up to be a thief.

News of Interest

Chicago is now called "The Cremation City."

France produced nearly twice as many books last year as the United States.

The population of the German empire is now set down at 41,000,846 inhabitants.

Incoming steamships bring reports of large icebergs encountered in mid-ocean.

The Danbury *News* says that London overflows with courts that seem to commence nowhere and end somewhere near there.

It is a popular belief in Spain that a stork's egg is a certain cure for habitual intemperance.

Steamers now leave the port of New York every day in the year except Fridays and Mondays.

It is now estimated that it costs the people of the United States $5,000,000 yearly to keep their teeth in repair.

Brooklyn is to be furnished with ice at a cost of a cent and a half a pound by a new company, which has made arrangements in Maine for a bountiful supply of the crystalized product.

A farmer in New England hung up a coat to frighten the birds away from his fruit trees, and a few weeks after found that a whole brood had been hatched in one of the pockets.

The various government bureaus are said to be adopting a machine which prints all letters, instead of writing them, and which can print, it is claimed, much faster than a person can write.

A New York philosopher observes that the weakest of women is not without power, as he has known one such to turn a steamboat excursion into an occasion of gloom and despondency.

Aiken's Theatre, destroyed by the last Chicago fire, was the eighty-fourth theatre that has been burned in this country, and the seventh in Chicago that has fallen a prey to the flames.

Western Australia has a species of eucalypus called raspberry-jam wood, which derives its name from the similarity of the scent to that preserve. It is a handsome wood, well fitted for cabinet purposes.

In Montreal they have adopted the French style of street cars, and those running in the city are two stories high, with winding staircases from each platform by which passengers obtain access to the upper story.

There is a tradition in the East that, when Satan stepped out of the Garden of Eden after the fall of man, onions sprang up from the spot where he placed his right foot, and garlic from that which his left one touched.

It doesn't pay to rob henroosts in England, that is if you get caught at it, for one George Smith, a seventy-year old chicken, stole a hen, and was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude and seven years' police supervision.

The people are just beginning to find out that ice, at sixty cents a week, for a daily supply of ten pounds, is considerably dearer than coal, the difference between the two articles being that between $9 and $18 per ton.

The Chinese have completely domesticated the otter. In that country every fisherman has his staff of fishing otters and cormorants. These otters are trained to hunt in company, to attack, pursue and seize the fish. Travelers who have fished in China state that they have seen good well-trained otters currently sold for £30 sterling each.

Girdling the Globe.—During the last six years the increase of means of communication in various parts of the world has been as follows: Lines of telegraph have increased from 57,166 to 77,000 geographical miles, and a complete line now runs from San Francisco across the continent of America and the Atlantic, through Europe and Siberia, to the mouth of the Amoor, on the eastern confines of Asia; while branch lines connect India, Japan and Australia. The mileage of railways has increased during the same period from 24,500 to 37,300 miles, and a calculation has been arrived at that no fewer than four millions of people are daily conveyed by this species of locomotion.

An inquest held at Liverpool, England, the other day, on the body of a little girl, aged eight years, the daughter of a sailor, conveys a lesson with regard to ear-rings. The unfortunate child, whose death formed the subject of inquiry, about three weeks ago underwent the operation of having her ears pierced with a stocking-needle. After the ears were pierced, two ear-rings belonging to her mother were put in them. A few days later a blister came behind one ear; then the jaw began to swell; worse symptoms ensued, and finally the child died. The medical evidence was to the effect that death had resulted from exhaustion consequent upon the intense inflammation caused by the piercing of the ears, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly.

Chinese bridal processions are often really pretty. If the groom is a wealthy man, there are a number of priests going in front with their musical instruments; then come the two flute players, who are generally youths; then comes the bride, shut quite out of sight, in a beautiful red chair, having little red lanterns burning here and there. Everything at the marriage, even the bride's veil, is red; for this color indicates joy, and white, grief. Following the bride are the friends of the groom, in chairs, of course; none of the bride's family form part of the *cortege*, as she is expected, after the marriage, to belong heart and soul, not only to the husband who has bought her, but to his family also, and to have nothing to do with her own relatives.

Rings.—Female ingenuity will invest everything with a language. Whilst the coquetish girls of Spain in times gone by carried on innumerable correspondence and love affairs by the aid of their fans without uttering a single word, their French sisters used rings as signs and symbols of a similar character. A pearl and garnet signified that its wearer was unhappy; a thin circlet of fine turquoises indicated the fair one's ability to return her lover's sentiments, while a thick plain gold ring in the shape of a knot expressed her willingness to share his fortunes. One in the shape of a gold serpent, with a brilliant in his head, indicate the lady's doubts of her gallant's sincerity; while her faith and her wish to confide in him always were shown by a ring formed by two clasped hands.

LITTLE GLUCK OF TREASURE VALLEY;

OR,

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

BY J. RUSKIN.

[Commenced in No. 1, Volume 61.]

CHAPTER V.

THE GOLDEN MUG.

South West Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After his extraordinary visit he entered Treasure Valley no more; and what was worse, he had so much influence with his relatives, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the Valley from one year's end to another. What had once been the richest place in the whole country, became a shifting heap of sand, and so the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned the land of their fathers in despair, to seek some means of gaining a living among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered a large city. "It's a good trade; and then you know, we can put a great deal of copper into the gold without any one's finding it out and so make a great deal of money."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances soon put a stop to their operations: first, the people did not approve of coppered gold; second, the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go to the beer-saloon next door and spend all the money in drink. So they melted all their gold without making or rather saving money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle had given to little Gluck, and which was dearly prized by him, and which little Gluck was very proud of, and would not have parted with for the world, though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like bright yellow silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of this queer looking mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of these eyes, and Schwartz positively averred, that once, after emptying it, seventeen times, of beer, he had seen these same eyes wink at him furiously!

When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but his brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug, in spite of his tears and prayers, into the melting pot, and staggered out to the beer house; leaving little Gluck, as usual, to form the gold into bars, when it was all melted and ready for use.

When they were gone, little Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting pot. The beautiful flowing hair was already gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling, twinkling eyes, which now in the heat, looked more malicious than ever.

"And no wonder," thought little Gluck, "after being treated in that way. Oh, my beautiful mug! I shall never see you again!" and he sauntered very sadly to the window, and sat down to catch the fresh air and escape the hot breath of the furnace.

Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which overhung Treasure Valley, and, more especially, of the peak from which fell the Golden River.

It was just at the close of the day, and, when Little Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson and purple with the rays of the setting sun; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud, burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than ever, fell, in a waving column like pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray and foam.

"Ah!" said little Gluck, aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, little Gluck," said a clear voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that!" exclaimed little Gluck, jumping up. But there was nobody there. He looked around the room, and under the table and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly no one there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again how *very* nice it would be if the river was really all gold—

"Not at all, my dear boy," said the same voice, louder and clearer than before.

"Well! upon my life," said little Gluck, "what is that, and where does it come from?" He looked again into all the nooks and corners and cupboards and under the table, and then began turning round and round, when the very same voice struck again on his ear.

CHAPTER VI.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

"Lala-la; lila-la, lala-la;" no words, only a soft, pleasant, sweet melody. Surely it was singing now very merrily, something like that of a tea-kettle on the boil.

Poor little Gluck was very much puzzled; indeed, he looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Up-stairs and down-stairs he sought it. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time, faster and clearer every moment.

"Lala-la, li-la." All at once it seemed to little Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in. Yes, sure enough, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the melting-pot itself. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up and his mouth and eyes very wide open. Soon the singing ceased, and the voice became loud and clear.

"Hallo! hallo!" said the voice.

Little Gluck was too frightened to answer.

"Hallo!" I say, "little Gluck, my boy," came out of the pot again.

Little Gluck was a brave fellow, so he summoned up all his courage, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted and its surface as smooth and polished as a mirror; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life before.

"Come, little Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again; "I'm all right; pour me out."

"Pour me out!" Indeed poor little Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say!" said the voice, rather gruffly this time.

Still little Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" This time very loud and in a great passion. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort little Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the melting-pot, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck a-kimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of our old friend, *the mug*, all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor in the shape of a golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right! You're a good boy, little Gluck," said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his tiny arms, and then shaking his head up and down and as far round as it would go for several minutes without stopping, apparently with the view of ascertaining if he was quite properly put together, while little Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. His dress was of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the colors gleamed over it as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl, and his hair and beard fell full half way to the ground in waving curls so exquisitely delicate that little Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were, indeed, rather coarse, slightly coppery in complexion, and indicative in expression of a very pertinacious and "have-a-will-of-your-own" disposition in their small proprietor.

When the dwarf had finished examining himself, the result apparently being much to his satisfaction, he turned his small sharp eyes full on little Gluck, and, after staring at him deliberately for some time, said:

"No, it wouldn't, little Gluck, my boy; no, it wouldn't."

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unceremonious mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of little Gluck's thoughts, when he was thinking "how nice it would be if the river was really all gold," and which had first produced the dwarf's observation out of the melting-pot; but whatever it referred to, little Gluck had no inclination to dispute the correctness of a statement so positively made, and by such an authority, too.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said little Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No!" said the dwarf, conclusively; "no, it wouldn't!" and with that he pulled his cap hard over his forehead and took a short walk up and down the room, lifting his legs very high and setting them down very hard.

During this brief walk little Gluck had time to collect his thoughts, and seeing no great reason to view his small visitor with much fear or dread, and finding his curiosity overcoming his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy and feeling:

"Pray, sir," said little Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to little Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height.

"I!" said the little man, "I AM THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER!"

Whereupon he turned about again, and took two or three turns up and down the room in order to allow time for the consternation and effect which this announcement produced to evaporate. After which he again marched up to little Gluck, and looking at him intently quite still as if expecting some comment on this extraordinary news.

Little Gluck determined to say something, so making his best bow he remarked, quite politely and with a smiling face:

"I hope your majesty is very well?"

"Listen," said the little man, "I am the king of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose spells you have released me. What I have seen of you and your conduct to your wicked brothers, makes me willing to serve you, therefore attend well to what I have to say to you. Listen! Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in his second attempt, and if any one shall cast impure water into the river it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone!"

So saying, his Majesty, the King of the Golden River, turned away, and deliberately walked into the very centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling, a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared!

"Oh!" cried poor little Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh! dear, dear, dear me! where——"

But the King of the Golden River had vanished.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THINKING AND DOING.—It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous.

HEARTSEASE.

BY DAISY.

A simple flower for such a magic name.
The leaves of royal purple, matched with yellow;
Yielding no perfume, humble, hardy, wild,
Yet with a fame not Amaranth can fellow.

No opiate sleep is treasured in its stem,
No precious balsam with enchanted powers:
It bears no scent of Eden in its buds,
Nor gathers hues from rainbow-colored showers.

It lends no brighter glory to the spring;
It casts no solace o'er the winter snow;
But all unheeded 'mid the stateller growths,
Its triple blossoms innocently grow.

That gives its value, which its name implies.
Divers would pour his gold in streaming floods
To buy a leaflet; and one-half the world
Would life-long search for it through fields and woods.

PERSECUTED;

OR,

A BRAVE WOMAN'S TRIALS.

BY DR. CHARLES C. NORTHRUP,

AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED; OR, COMPTON'S REVENGE," ETC., ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 51. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIV.

JONES LOSES HIS SITUATION.

Bert Thorne sat where his strange guest had left him till he had refilled and smoked another pipe; then he vacated the chair in which he had been lounging, and going over to his desk, unlocked it, and arranging writing materials, sat down and began to ply his pen with great rapidity. He wrote two letters. The first was brief, and carelessly done; the second, executed in very much the same style, except that when it was securely sealed, the superscription added was in the most delicate and effeminate of characters. It read, "Miss Isabella Hill, Riverville, near Philadelphia." This accomplished, he rose and walked to the mantel-piece, and placing the letters on it in a conspicuous place, rang for Jones.

Jones instantly appeared.

"Here are two letters," said his master, "that I want you to post the first thing in the morning. They are important ones, and do you mind that they are not forgotten."

"Very well, sir," said the valet.

"Now, I'm going to bed. I shan't be visible until noon to-morrow, and if anybody calls before that time, no matter who it may be, don't you admit them."

"Very well, sir," said the valet, again, and followed the young man to his dressing-room.

Bert Thorne was never easily pleased, and this night he was more difficult and tedious than usual. First he wanted his thick blonde hair brushed and scented, and Jones tried fifteen different brushes before he found one to the pettish beau's mind; then his bath was too hot, and the perfumed water with which he was in the nightly habit of bathing his handsome face and slender white hands, was too strong of violet; and after that his bed was uncomfortable, so that it was nearly three o'clock before his unlucky attendant was dismissed, and at liberty to go to his own chamber.

When he was at liberty, having first made sure that the dressing-room door was securely closed, Jones stole on tip-toe across the parlor floor to the spot where he supposed his "ladye love" still remained. The screen stood in its former position, close to the wall, but the fair Rosine was no longer there. Jones looked dreadfully perplexed for a moment, then his face lighted up with an expression of admiring triumph.

"There's a girl for you," muttered he. "When she saw a chance to get away, she didn't stop for anybody to help her." And he gave a great sigh of relief. "Now, I'll go to bed; but I'll just get them letters first, and put 'em in my coat-pocket. There'd be an awful row if I should forget 'em, and if they're there, there won't be no danger." And he went, still on tip-toe, across the dimly-lighted room to the mantel-piece.

He looked where he had seen his master place the precious articles, but they were not there. He looked behind a picture of Rubens' "Flower Girl." He searched under and around every one of the numerous ornaments—he even went so far as to take up a tiny bust of "Hebe"—but, all in vain, his labor was unrewarded—the letters were nowhere to be found.

"Gone—gone—gone!" gasped poor Jones, sick with apprehension; "and whatever shall I do now?"

* * * * * *

Mademoiselle Rosine was just commencing her dinner, on the following day, in a quiet corner of Monsieur Dechampe's large gilded saloon, when Jones appeared before her, requesting a few moments' conversation. But it was not the Jones of last week, or even yesterday—the gay, superficial creature, whose manner overflowed with extravagance, and whose tongue seemed never at rest. This Jones walked as though he were going to his own funeral, and his every look and gesture was suggestive of melancholy beyond the power of man to relieve.

"Why, Jones!" cried mademoiselle, greatly astonished, as she well might be, at the miraculous change, "whatever can be the matter with you all of a sudden? You didn't look like that the last time I saw you."

"No," Jones agreed, between a sigh and a groan, "I ain't the man I was when we parted, mademoiselle."

"But why aren't you? What has happened in the little while between now and last night?"

"Enough to make me the most miserable of men, Mademoiselle Rosine. I am discharged."

Mademoiselle suspended her knife and fork inquiringly.

"Discharged, Jones?"

"Yes, or, in other words, I have lost my situation."

Mademoiselle leaned back in her chair and laughed.

"That isn't anything to look so doleful about," said she, as soon as she could speak.

"Oh, isn't it?" retorted her lover, in an injured tone. "Perhaps you'd think differently if 'twas you, instead of me. I must say, I didn't look for this kind of treatment from you. I came here for consolation, not to be made fun of, Rosine."

"Don't you be simple, Jones! Would it be better if I were to cry rather than laugh? No! I've done you good already; why, your face has twice the color it had when you came in. Now do you be sensible," she said, helping herself to a piece of chicken's breast (for mademoiselle, being a favorite with M. Dechampe, was always well served), "and tell me all about it, while I go on with my dinner."

It was impossible to resist the influence of that bright face and cheerful manner, and the disconsolate Jones was soon pouring out the story of his sorrow; the substance of which was that the two letters, left with him the previous evening to be posted, having mysteriously disappeared, he had, without a moment's warning, been dismissed by his angry master.

"I don't think he'd done it once, for he must have seen it wasn't no fault of mine," said Jones, in conclusion; "but he ain't himself lately; he's been as cross as seven demons ever since——"

"Ever since what?" asked mademoiselle, enviously.

"I don't know as I'd ought to say anything about it; won't you never mention it, if I tell you?"

"No; I never will."

"Well, about a month ago something come across him, and he ain't the same man he was before. He didn't use to be any too easy to please, and since then he's been awful touchy, and no mistake. I'm almost glad I've got done with him, any how."

"But you don't tell me what it is has changed him so. You Americans are so long. You talk, and talk, and talk so much before you get at what you are going to say."

"I ain't an American," said Jones, grandly. "I'm a Britisher! my grandsire fell with Burgoyne, at Waterloo!"

"Oh, you stupid! Waterloo! But do go on with that story about your master; I'm dying to hear it. Was it anything much? Did monsieur get hurt?"

"Hurt? no!" replied Jones, contemptuously. "There wan't nothing but a woman in it, any way! You see," he continued, lowering his voice, "he's an awful case with the women, Mr. Bert is; he falls in love with every pretty face he comes across; and it ain't the luckiest thing that ever happened for them! specially when they're such ones as this was. Oh, but she was a beauty, I tell you! Her hair was as black as anything; and, my! such eyes as she had! It seems she thought he meant to marry her, and when he got tired of going to see her, she just come straight to him—and such a time as they had! She went down on her knees to him, and begged him to let her be his wife, if he killed her the next minute; and he wouldn't say nothing but no—and after she'd gone away, I'm blest if he didn't order in fresh coffee, and sit there and eat and drink as if nothing in the world had happened—and she not hardly out of the house, with her aching, broken heart, poor child!"

"Poor child, indeed!" echoed mademoiselle, passionately. Her little hands shook so that she could hardly hold her knife and fork; her cheeks and lips were vivid crimson, and her dark eyes luminous with excitement. "Poor child, indeed! What a bad, bad, wicked man your master must be."

"Well, he ain't a very good one, I must confess."

"And what had that to do with the change you speak of—did he care for her after all?"

"No more than he does for all of 'em, my dear. But the generality gets over it easier'n she did; and I guess she kinder haunts him."

"What! you think she has been to him since?"

"No—oh, no; I didn't mean that. I don't think he's seen her at all. But it appears to me it ain't easy for him to forget her."

"Perhaps he's sorry he treated her so?"

"Sorry? he sorry? Humph! you wouldn't think that, if you knew him as I do. Bert Thorne never was sorry for anybody but himself! May be he thinks she'll do him some hurt sometime, and 'twouldn't be strange if she did; she looked desperate enough to do it—and it's most always such tender looking ones as her that's up to doing such things!"

"He deserves it, if she does!"

"Well, yes, I think he does. But, where'd he be, I wonder, if he got all he deserved from them quarters? I don't care, anyhow. A person may pound him to jelly, or do whatever of that sort suits 'em, for all of me."

Mademoiselle did not speak again for some time; when she did, it was to change the subject.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked.

"I don't know—get another situation somewhere, I suppose. He wouldn't give me no recommend; but I guess I shall manage to do without it."

"Has he engaged one in your place, do you know?"

"No. I should say he couldn't have; it ain't two hours since he give me my walking-ticket—he hain't had time for that yet."

"He will have no trouble in finding a dozen, if he wanted, I suppose?"

"It wouldn't be safe to bet much on that, and then again it would. It's late in the season to secure a prime article of the description, and he wouldn't have anything else; on the other hand, he's the deucedest lucky dog ever you did see, and so he's pretty sure to find what he wants. But I pity him that's found—whoever he may be, particularly if he hain't got no friends, and is in need of a situation."

Mademoiselle's reply was not much to the point.

"I suppose so," she said vaguely. She had abandoned her dinner, and sat leaning her dimpled elbow upon the little table, with her cheek resting upon her hand. Her gaze was downcast, and the expression of her face like that of one profound thought; nor did she offer another remark for full five minutes, at the end of which time she rose suddenly, said a few words of adieu to her perplexed lover, and then returned to her accustomed duties.

CHAPTER XV.

THE NEW VALET-DE-CHAMBRE.

But twenty-four hours had passed since the dismissal of Jones, and Bert Thorne had already deeply regretted his precipitance; for Jones was an unexceptionable valet, and one whose place, especially at this season, could not be easily filled. Everything had gone wrong with the young aristocrat. Dechampe had sent him "steak well done," for breakfast, when he had expressly stated his wish for "steak rare;" his last investment in perfumes had failed to arrive; his new primrose kids—some half dozen pairs—proved to have two wrinkles on the back of the hand, and were a sixteenth of an inch too long at the fingers, besides which, he had a most excruciating headache—the effect of the previous night's dissipation—and "nobody was worth a picayune with such things but Jones;" so that he was not in the most amiable mood when he sallied forth on the morning of June 2d, for his accustomed promenade. At the entrance door of his hotel stood a young man, who stepped forward, as he came out, and saluted him with a slight bow.

"Well, sir," said Bert, in a tone not over-courteous, "and what do you want? If it's a subscription, I haven't got anything for you. I've been bled enough by that sort of thing lately!"

"I want nothing," said the stranger, uncovering his head as he spoke, "except that I hear monsieur is in want of a *valet de chambre*."

Bert looked at him with some interest. He had the appearance of extreme youth, and was somewhat under the medium size, but his form, though slight, was well knit, and his bearing admirable; his face, too, was uncommonly attractive—with large, expressive eyes, and apparently regular features, though that fact could not be so positively determined, as he wore his hair low upon his forehead, and a heavy black moustache quite concealed his mouth.

"And suppose I do," asked Bert in a rather more agreeable voice, "do you propose yourself as a candidate for that situation?"

"I have that pleasure."

"And what recommendation do you bring? Can you dress my hair in the latest style? Do you know how to tie the new knot?"

"Monsieur can try me."

"I like to be read to sleep sometimes; could you do that well? and can you write?"

"I can read to please, I think; and—yes, I suppose I could write, but I would rather not, unless monsieur greatly insisted."

"But you are not suited to such a position," said Bert, eyeing him curiously. "You've got the stuff in you to make something more than an in-door servant."

The young man's head fell forward on his breast.

"I have no heart to attempt another business, monsieur," he said in accents thrilling with some deep emotion. "I have had a trouble lately, and I have not high ambition for anything now, as once I had."

"A love affair, I suppose; you'll get over that. I've had dozens of them, and it hasn't hurt me a bit!"

"Monsieur's sensibilities are unlike mine, perhaps."

"That may be. But that isn't to the point. You have references, I suppose?"

"References?"

"Yes; you can refer me to some one by whom you have been previously employed?"

"Unfortunately, no, monsieur; I am only lately arrived in this city."

"Oh! and where did you come from?"

"From Mobile first, and afterwards from Washington."

"Have you any friends here?"

"I have not."

"Then how did you know anything about me?" was the quick interrogation.

"I was here yesterday, and overheard a gentleman say you had just dismissed your valet; and afterwards I got somebody to show you to me. I wanted to speak to you then; but you were engaged, and I did not like to intrude. I wish you would give me a trial, monsieur, I can be very faithful."

Bert considered a moment.

"It would be running a great risk," he said thoughtfully. "You see there are so many impostors around that one cannot be too cautious how——"

He did not finish his sentence. The blaze of the sun, and the confusion in the street were too much for his overtaxed head; and, faint and dizzy, he staggered back against the wall.

The stranger pressed eagerly towards him.

"You are ill, monsieur," he said. "Let me assist you to your apartment."

"It is nothing," Bert returned. "I shall be better in a minute. This confounded sun!"

And while he stood supported by the friendly wall he did not feel so very badly, but the moment he withdrew from it the dizziness returned with such violence that he was finally glad to turn in the direction of his own rooms, walking slowly and leaning heavily upon the shoulder of his self-constituted supporter.

When they had reached the lofty bed-chamber, the young man made Bert substitute a dressing-gown for his tighter coat and lie down upon the lounge, while, with dextrous fingers, he relieved him of his delicate necktie and stiff, uncomfortable collar.

"Now you lie wholly still, monsieur," he said, softly, "while I get the which to make you better. I shall find it without your showing, and I will not be a moment."

And he was as good as his word, for he seemed to have hardly gone before he had returned with a glass of iced soda-water and a basin containing a scented bath. The first he induced Bert to drink in spite of his protestation against it; then, having shaken up the costly pillows and laid them in the most comfortable position, he commenced bathing the hot, tortured head in a style which cast the lamented Jones quite in the shade, and which soon lulled the patient into a profound and refreshing slumber.

It was high noon when Bert Thorne fell asleep. When he awoke the sun had sank behind the city walls and the street was noisy with the tramp and voice of returning labor. For a few moments he lay quite still, enjoying that pleasant languor—that little heaven-upon-earth feeling—that follows natural repose; then he raised himself upon one elbow and looked around. The dressing-room, in not the best order when he last remembered it, looked the very perfection of neatness; the blinds were partly up, and through the open windows stole a mild breeze from the rosy West, and in a large chair near by, in the attitude of a watcher, sat the handsome young stranger of the morning.

He rose as soon as he perceived that Bert was wide awake, and came towards him.

"Monsieur finds himself better," he said in his sweet falsetto voice.

"As good as ever, thanks to you," Bert had the grace to reply heartily, "and as hungry as one could be and tolerate existence."

"You will like to dine as soon as possible, then. Shall I take an order from you?"

"Yes, to Dechampe's. Do you know where Dechampe's is?"

"No; but I can find the place if monsieur will kindly give me the direction. It is not far from here, perhaps?"

"No; only a little distance up this street. You will know it by the sign, 'M. Dechampe.' Be as quick as you can, and tell them to send round anything that is eatable." And having thus expressed his wish he sank back again upon the crimson cushions of the lounge.

"Anything eatable" proved to be the most tempting little dinner that ever you saw, and by the time Bert had reached dessert he was in a more amiable frame of mind than he had experienced for a full month.

"I never felt better in my life," he said, complacently, between the sips of exhilarating wine. "I should say you were an enchantor, you—— By the way, you haven't told your name yet."

"Eugene Percival, monsieur," replied the young man, with one of his peculiarly graceful gestures."

"Eugene Percival! Not a bad name, nor a bad owner, as men go, I'll take my oath! Therefore, mon garcon, consider yourself in my service till you are informed to the contrary.

The garcon responded with a low bow. "Monsieur honors me. It will be my pleasure to serve him."

Thus was found a substitute for the incomparable Jones, and so useful did he make himself, so fertile was his brain, his judgment so excellent, his whole manner so pleasing in every way, that in less than a week he had succeeded in winning not only the general, but particular confidence of his new master, and became the receptacle of more secrets (not all of the most flattering nature to their revealer) than Bert Thorne had ever trusted to man, friend or valet, before in all the years in which he had secrets to trust.

But while Bert Thorne was so heartily congratulating himself upon the acquisition of his new treasure, poor Monsieur Dechampe and his patrons were sunk to different degrees of despair, for Mademoiselle Rosine, the beautiful, the captivating, had suddenly disappeared, and her equal was not to be found either within or without the great city's limits.

CHAPTER XVI.

UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

The season had advanced to the middle of June.

Riverville was in its glory. Never, its residents said, had it seemed so beautiful as now. The lawn was as rarely green as the purest emerald that ever heightened the charms of beauty's snowy fingers; each garden-bed was a rainbow of bloom, and the honeysuckles and sweet-briars that clambered over the broad piazza were so thick all over with scarlet and golden bells, and delicate pink cups (that you could circle with your thumb and forefinger), as an Eastern garden is thick with butterflies after a summer shower.

Miss Isabella Hill still lingered in this lovely retreat, though her fashionable sisters and their set were talking industriously of Saratoga, Newport, and the mountains. This she did for two reasons; first, because her godmother nervously insisted upon it, and secondly, because she had not abandoned her own designs upon the master of all this luxury, and wisely thought the way to win the field was to remain on it—which, by-the-by, her mamma was privately glad to have her do, having two daughters already on her hands to dispose of in the matrimonial market.

At the request of Miss Trevor, Mrs. Hill paid a short visit to Riverville, and was not long in discovering how matters stood. Her interest in her daughter's prospects prejudiced her against Jennie Bond; and upon listening to the *ex parte* statements of Miss Samantha, her mind readily took the color of dislike which was entertained by the narrator. It seemed that every circumstance and occurrence conspired to render the life of the unfortunate Jennie miserable. When Mrs. Hill's visit drew to a close, she felt it her duty, as a friend, to speak with the master of Riverville, and to venture a few words of friendly warning upon the subject of continuing the services of an unknown person of possibly questionable character in his family, and especially the governess of the children.

Mr. Trevor listened to her with evident impatience, and when she had finished, he remarked that he trusted her advice was from disinterested motives, adding that he could look upon it only as gratuitous, and then bade her adieu.

Jennie Bond still retained her situation as governess, in spite of the covert insults and indignities of her female persecutors, and so the family remained the same as it had been the previous spring.

It yet wanted an hour to sunset on the evening of ——, I think it was the 14th of the month.

As was their custom, the family were assembled in the summer drawing-room, Miss Samantha sat in her favorite arm-chair as far as possible from the open windows, wrapped in a heavy blanket shawl, and groaning aloud in apprehension of another attack of her inveterate enemy, the gout; the children were busy with a new gift of paper dolls; Jennie, at the piano, was playing some old German airs to Mr. Trevor, who seemed quite as much interested in her face as in the music, and Miss Isabella, seated at a little distance, was watching the two with no amicable expression of countenance, and longing for an interruption, yet hardly daring to be that interruption herself, when the blessing she desired appeared at the door in the shape of a servant.

"Mr. Thorne and friend," he answered, and stepped aside to let the gentlemen enter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPANISH PROVERBS.—Love, a horse and money carry a man through the world. Three things kill a man: a hot sun, supper and trouble. To shave an ass is a waste of lather. If the gossip is not in her own house, she is in somebody else's. Don't speak ill of the year till it is over. The mother-in-law forgets that she was once a daughter-in-law. Men are as grateful for kind deeds as the sea is when you fling into it a cup of water.

THE person who grieves, suffers his passion to grow upon him; he indulges it, he loves it; but this never happens in the case of actual pain, which no man ever willingly endured for any considerable time.

NEVER go back. What you attempt, do with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospect be somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but death can extinguish.

THE NEW MOON.

BY ROSA TERRY.

Once, when the new moon glittered
So slender in the West,
I looked across my shoulder,
And a wild wish stirred my breast.

Over my white, right shoulder
I looked at the silver horn,
And wished a wish at even
To come to pass in the morn.

Whenever the new moon glittered,
So slender and so fine,
I looked across my shoulder,
And wished that wish of mine!

Now, when the West is rosy,
And the snow wreaths blush below,
And I see the light white crescent
Float downward, soft and slow,

I never look over my shoulder,
As I used to look before:
For my heart is older and colder,
And now I wish no more!

ED. POST.

BY ESSEX.

Harry Linwood was very fond of his pretty wife Bessie. To be with her was his greatest pleasure; to meet her sweet face, with its smiling welcome, on his return from business, his best reward for a day of toil. There was only one faint shadow of trouble that ever arose in Harry's mind when he thought of her. Bessie had been, before her marriage, a great belle; in her father's house, too, she had been surrounded by luxuries that Harry's modest income would not permit him to give her in her own home; sometimes, therefore, the honest fellow distressed himself by fancying that she would weary of a life in which she now received the homage of her one adorer, or perhaps pine for the elegance to which she had once been accustomed.

To be sure, Harry's little cottage was as pretty and tasteful a residence as any in the city, and he knew that his wife loved him very truly, but he had one of those dispositions, which with fine capabilities of affection, had also considerable capabilities for suspicion, and but that Bessie's devotion was unwearied, Harry would have made himself miserable by fancying that she regretted the triumphs and the brilliancy of her unwedded career.

The second fall after her marriage, Harry noticed in his wife's demeanor a faint change. She seemed sometimes preoccupied, or absorbed in thought. Although as affectionate as ever in manner, he detected her more than once in reveries from which his entrance aroused her with a start, and noticed that when he was reading to her, unless the story was very interesting, she would fall into a brown study, in which her thoughts evidently wandered far away from the subject of the book. He became at last really uneasy about this, and one morning, when she seemed lost in thought, and over the duties of the breakfast table, he broke out into a remonstrance. She had just poured out his cup of coffee and handed it to him, with a look of dreamy abstraction in her large brown eyes, when he startled her by a loud laugh.

"Do you know what you have done, Bessie?" he asked, as she looked up in amaze.

"No, indeed, what is it?"

"I watched you just now pouring out my coffee, and do you know how you did it? You first put in a great spoonful of salt, then a few drops of hot water and lastly the coffee."

"Oh, Harry, I didn't."

"You did, indeed! Why taste of it, if you like," and he handed it back to her.

The wry face that Bessie made after her taste of the Mocha, showed that she was convinced, and she, too, burst into a loud laugh. "It's too bad, Harry, I surely thought it was hot milk and sugar I put in."

She looked so sweet and honest that Harry, with most unusual frankness, for his nature was one rather inclined to brood over a trouble than boldly to demand its explanation, said to her:

"To tell the truth, darling, you seem half the time lately to be in a brown study.

"Do I?" asked Bessie, with a vivid blush, and then, after a moment of singular hesitation, she said. "I am thinking about your birthday present."

"About my birthday present," repeated Harry, with something like incredulity in his tones, for the excuse seemed to him more remarkable than the preoccupation. "Why, it is only February now, and more than two months to my birthday."

"I know that, but you see, Harry, I do so want to make you a lovely present, and I am trying so hard to think what it shall be."

"Well, well, don't distress your dear little head about it. I had much rather never have another present than have you so abstracted as you have lately been."

But Bessie smiled rather vaguely at the last words, as if she but half understood them, and Harry went off to his office that morning for the first time since his marriage feeling a real sense of distress as he thought of his wife. Her odd explanation of her long reveries only seemed to him to make them the more serious, and he fancied, with a throb of anguish, that she was perhaps beginning to grow discontented with her lot in life.

Meantime Bessie, having attended to her simple household duties, put on her hat and shawl, and went out to visit Mrs. Morris, her bosom friend and confidante. She found the pretty young mother in her nursery, laughing over her baby's bath, and absorbed in the details of its toilette. Bessie immediately went down on her knees at the same shrine, and the two did little else for the next half hour but make themselves into lovely, but incoherent idiots, by way of sinking themselves to baby's comprehension. Then the infant tyrant being safely hushed to sleep, they became rational beings, and descended to Mrs. Morris' pleasant sitting room.

"And now, Kate," said Bessie, "I have come to consult you on something very important."

"What is it?"

"It's about Harry's birthday present."

"His birthday present! Why, you are beginning early, aren't you?"

"Yes, for I want to have it really something handsome this year."

"Well, it is not till April, is it? so you have time enough to make something really elegant."

"Oh, *make!*" repeated Bessie, with a gesture of contempt, "I have made him all sorts of things, till I am sure he must be tired of the sight of an embroidery. He has three pair of slippers, two pair braided, besides the lovely ones with the foxes' heads. I did for his birthday; then he has worked handkerchiefs and ornamented suspenders, and a crocheted watch case, and a hair chain, and every sort of thing that a man can have made by female fingers. You see, three presents a year, for Christmas, birthday and wedding day, besides little surprises, a man soon gets supplied."

"What do you want to get, then?"

"Well, I have been thinking of making him a really elegant present that would cost a great deal of money."

"Have you thought of anything in particular?"

"Yes, I know he would like to have two of Sir Edward Landseer's pictures for his study. I have heard him say several times how much he admired two of the scenes where there are stags and mountains; one is called 'None but the brave deserve the fair;' I forget the name of the other, but I can easily find out."

"Of course. But they will cost a good deal in handsome frames."

"Fifty dollars," said Bessie, majestically. "I intend to spend fifty dollars on them."

"That's a good deal."

"Yes, and you are wondering where I shall get the money."

"Perhaps I am."

"That's just it," said Bessie; "where can I get so much money? If I were to coax it out of Harry, it would be no way of giving him a present at all. No, I want to earn it myself!" and Bessie announced this conclusion with an air of vast importance.

"To earn it! why how can you?"

"That's just what I want to consult you about. How can I do it? Do you think I could earn anything by embroideries?"

"Embroideries! not much I fear."

"What can I do then?" asked Bessie, earnestly.

"It does not seem as if you could do anything, but," seeing Bessie's downcast look, she added, "I have only just had the idea suggested; perhaps, when I have given it some thought, a plan will occur to me."

"Oh! yes, do think about it. I should be so delighted if I could really make dear Harry a present that would please him; he is so good and devoted; those other things I give him he accepts kindly because I make them, but I know if I could only give him those pictures it would be a real gratification and surprise."

She was so earnest that Kate Morris resolved to give the matter her devoted consideration, and Kate was a woman capable of a very unusual amount of energetic thought and exertion.

That night when Henry came home he watched Bessie more closely than ever, and he saw at once that her abstraction and quiet had given way to a strange nervous restlessness; he noticed how she moved uneasily about the room apparently unable to fix her attention to anything, standing and looking up with eager anticipation when there was a ring at the door, and turning away dissatisfied when it was only a boy with a bundle. A little later the message came she had evidently been expecting. About nine o'clock the servant brought a note to Bessie. Harry was reading, or trying to read, near the fire, but he could not help watching his wife as she took the billet. She glanced furtively at him, and then, seeming to be satisfied that he was not watching her, she opened it with trembling, nervous haste, and read it eagerly. It was not very long, but whatever the contents were they sent the color to her cheeks and a bright light to her eyes. She looked it over a second time, and then cautiously tore it to pieces. It was the first time since their marriage that she had not frankly showed him any note or letter she had received.

Harry was cut to the heart. Not only his fears of his wife's altered feelings were aroused, but worse than that a torturing suspicion for the first time found its place in his breast. What could there be in an *innocent* note that could call up such a blush and such a look as he had seen on Bessie's face just now? And yet to suspect that pure young creature of anything dishonorable seemed too horrible for possibility, and he strove to cast out the unworthy thought. Something of the anxiety that was in his heart looked out of his eyes as he fixed them on Bessie when she stole to the fire to throw in the pieces of her note. She caught the glance, and replied to it with a light laugh that jarred him painfully.

"You wonder what mischief was in that note? Ah! that was my secret."

"Perhaps it was about the birthday present," he replied, with a cold sneer.

She started again, and answered with strange confusion.

"Yes—es it was, but don't ask me about it."

"Certainly not."

And Harry turned to his book unsatisfied, miserable, but making an attempt to seem indifferent. He was conscious that Bessie stood watching him a few moments, and then that she quietly left the room, nor did she return for the next two long hours. This was most unusual; all their evenings heretofore had been so happily passed together. Bessie had sat beside him with her work while he read or wrote, and now he felt utterly dreary and forlorn. As he sat there alone, his horrible suspicions and torturing fears grew each moment more unendurable.

At last he could bear it no longer, but went up stairs with a vague, half terror of finding that Bessie had gone out on some errand as mysterious as was all of her conduct to-day. To his intense surprise he found the door of their room locked. There was a faint rustle as he laid his hand on it, a moment's delay, and then Bessie opened it, looking pale and startled as a guilty thing.

"I—I was writing," she stammered.

He glanced at that little work-table which was littered with papers, and felt again hurt and astonished. Her desk stood in the parlor. Why had she crept away to write here, when all the facilities for her letters were down stairs and near him? It was the answer to that strange note she was thus concocting in mystery and alone. What could be its contents that so long a time must be occupied in its proper preparation? All these thoughts passed rapidly through poor Harry's brain, but as we have seen his disposition was naturally one rather to brood over a sorrow or a wrong than to speak of it frankly, so he merely said:

"I am sorry to have disturbed you," and Bessie saw him go down stairs again without a thought that he attached any importance to her unusual conduct.

The week that followed was to Harry wretched enough. From that strange evening Bessie's abstraction grew tenfold deeper than it had been before. She was now most of the time so absorbed in her own thoughts that Harry could not obtain from her anything more than an amiable pretence of attention on any topic upon which he addressed her. Day by day this indifference to him and his interests struck him with a colder sense of misery, and increased his suspicions of his fair young wife, till they became perpetual haunting fears of a horror that seemed every moment to come nearer.

All this time he never allowed Bessie to know that he was suffering. He asked no questions, he made no comments regarding her unusual conduct, but brooding over his supposed wrongs in silence, watched wearily for fresh proofs of this coldness, or worse, of his idolized wife. It is true he was not in his usual good spirits, and had Bessie not been so preoccupied she would have noticed the shadow on his face; as it was, she only realized that he was more quiet than usual, and thought what a good fellow Harry was to leave her so much time for her own fancies and plans.

Harry's suspicions, that were growing blacker every day took at last a definite shape. One afternoon when he came home from his business a little earlier than usual, Bessie did not come out to meet him with boisterous rejoicing that she was to have him with her so much sooner than she had expected, as she had always done under such circumstances in the happy days, that poor Harry began to fear were gone forever. Instead of that, when he entered their room she started up from a work-table that was again littered with papers, looking utterly startled and even frightened, he saw her huddle together the sheets of writing as she exclaimed:

"Why, Harry, you are coming early?"

"Yes, but if you are busy, I will go down stairs again."

"I—I—well; if you will, I will be there presently."

"As soon as I have brushed my hair, then I will relieve you of my presence."

He turned to the dressing-table, and at the same moment was conscious that Bessie had started from her seat. He divined the reason when he saw a tiny note lying on the toilet cover. The address was very simple, only two words:

"Ed. Post."

They burnt themselves into his brain in that momentary glance, then Bessie had seized the billet, and returned white and trembling to her seat. Harry said but a word, he did not even look after her, but in a moment quietly left the room.

He went down stairs to his study, and locking himself in, hid his face in his hands and groaned aloud. He knew all now, his worst suspicions were realized. Bessie was clandestinely corresponding with some man. He had never heard this name before; this Edward Post was some one of whom he had never even heard her speak, but this only added to the certainty of her guilt. Left alone all day, as she was, she had every opportunity of forming new acquaintances, and increasing those acquaintances to intimacies, but he could not have believed that his wife, whom he thought all innocence and purity, could have been so utterly treacherous, and almost, as he began with curdling blood to believe, so criminal.

But it is of no use to dwell on all the misery of his thoughts; no words can do justice to their agony; and yet despite all, he would not speak of them, or boldly ask his wife to explain the mystery of her conduct. No, he would watch and wait; perhaps time would prove that he wronged her unjustly, and all those fancies would vanish like a hideous nightmare; then she need never know how he had suspected her. But if, on the contrary, his worst fears were realized, he must first have more tangible proof before he could pronounce at once her doom and his own. A few more days passed, miserably enough to Harry, but to Bessie in the same dreamy state in which she seemed only half conscious of what was going on around her, and then, one evening, after one of her absences from the room, which were now very frequent, she came in, wrapped in shawl and hood.

"I am going to see Kate Morris for a little while, Harry," she said.

Harry looked up at her, so pretty, with the white fleecy hood shading her soft brown hair. His heart yearned to her, and he started up with almost his old smile.

"I will go with you."

"Oh, no, one of the girls can go. I won't be long."

"But I had rather go, that is, unless you don't wish to have me."

She hesitated, and then, with a curious blush, said, "To tell the truth, Harry, I had rather go alone."

"Very well."

He turned to his seat, chilled and hurt again, and heard the door close after his wife, with a terrible thought that perhaps some day that door would so close upon her forever.

She was gone more than an hour, and came back looking perfectly radiant with delight. Harry thought he had never seen her face look so since the bright days when she first began to love him. Had some new love now awakened that brightness? Yet, as he looked at her, so pure and noble in her young beauty, it seemed utterly impossible to associate the idea of crime with her.

"Had you a pleasant evening?"

"Oh, yes, delightful; I hope you were not lonely, dear Harry, for I was so happy."

"Was there any one there but the family?"

"No; oh, yes, there was; after a while a friend of Kate's came in, and walked home with me."

"Ah! by the way, Bessie, has Mrs. Morris any relations named Post?"

"Yes, to be sure, a good many. Her mother's maiden name was Post, and she has several cousins of that family. Some of them are nice fellows, too."

Then Harry thought he knew why it was that Bessie went so often to see Kate Morris, and his momentary gleam of confidence gave way before the distrust that was fast becoming a conviction of the worst evil.

After this came two weeks without any event that could relieve or confirm the torturing uncertainty; and then again, one afternoon, finding that he could leave business much earlier than usual, Harry hastened to his home. As he approached the door he saw a man coming out of the house. He was a stranger to him, young, and as far as he could see, good looking. He walked fast to catch a better glimpse of his face, but before he could reach the gate, he had disappeared around the corner.

Thus, then, was Bessie's mysterious acquaintance, her friend, her correspondent, perhaps her lover, and there was murder in poor Harry's heart, as the awful thought set his blood on fire and made his brain reel. Bessie came out to meet him, smiling and lovely, in a toilet of unusual brilliancy, but this time her beauty, instead of pleasing him, but increased his sense of miserable injury, for he fancied that this elegant dress was assumed for the sake of the man who had just left her.

"What's the matter, Harry?" asked Bessie, reading some of his distress in his face. "You don't look well; did you have to come home because you were ill?"

"Oh, no, I am well enough; only tired."

But she hovered around him so affectionately, that he could not rid himself of her presence.

"Have you been alone all day?" he asked, at last, looking wistfully at her.

"Oh, no; I have been out making calls."

"And have you had no visitors?"

"No; none at all."

Harry was ready to groan out in the agony this falsehood cost him, and there was such a look in his eye, that Bessie cried—

"Why, Harry, you look at me as if you hardly believed what I said."

"I thought I saw some one coming away from the house as I approached—a gentleman."

Again that deep blush and look of confusion on Bessie's face, destroying all its look of honest openness.

"Oh, that was not a visitor," she stammered.

"No! I know who it was," cried Harry, with sudden energy. "It was one of those postmen that are such friends of yours."

"Ye—es, it was;" and, as if she could not endure another word, Bessie fled from the room.

But later, when they were seated in the parlor for the evening, she seemed to be so resolved to hang about him and caress him, that Harry, feeling cold at his heart, the conviction of her guilt that this day had deepened to tenfold blackness, yet unwilling even yet to repulse her entirely, was glad of any excuse to quiet her solicitude and while away the time until he could be alone and think over his deadly wrongs.

"I assure you, Bessie, I am very well," he said, after a while. "Here, let me read you something. It is a long time since I have read aloud to you."

Bessie assented, and he took up a weekly paper, and turned it over to find some amusement in its pages.

"Here is a story that may interest you," he said. "Its title is 'The Unhappy Marriage.'"

As he uttered the name, he looked sharply at his wife. She started, and colored violently, but, affecting not to notice her emotion, he began to read. It was a tale of more than usual talent, describing the union of an ill-assorted pair; the wife's release from a most wretched home by the death of a tyrannical husband, and closing with her happy union with another man.

As he read, Harry saw Bessie's confusion increasing, till it was painful to witness. Sometimes she tried to go on with her sewing, then she would glance at him uneasily, and move restlessly in her chair, as if almost unable to keep her seat. The moment he finished, she started up to leave the room.

"A very good story. Don't you think so, Bessie?" he asked.

A half-uttered "Yes," as she hastened to the door.

"It would be well if all ill-assorted unions could terminate so pleasantly for the lady."

An incoherent reply; and then, could he believe his ears, was it the sound of Bessie's light laughter that came to him through the half-closed door?

One morning, Bessie was hunting everywhere for a letter to her mother which she wished Harry to put in the office for her.

"I don't see where it can be," she said; "and you are in a hurry to be off. Just look in my desk, Harry, and see if I have put it there."

Thus authorized, Harry went to the desk, a thing he would never have done without her permission, as it was intensely repugnant to him to learn her secrets by any clandestine observation. On the velvet cover of the desk he found the letter to her mother, and underneath it was another with the same mysterious address he remembered so well.

"Ed. Post."

Bessie must have recollected that this note was there, for she flew after him with a strange, troubled look.

"Never mind, Harry, I will hunt for it, myself."

"I have found it," he said, quietly; and Bessie did not know the effort it cost him to frame the simple words.

Yes, Harry felt that his heart was slowly breaking, that he could not much longer endure this state of estrangement, and slow, torturing misery. But what could he do? Was there any hope that he could win back his wife from her new fancy to her old love for him?

Thinking only of this one absorbing topic, the time for his birthday came without his giving it one thought. Day by day he put off taking the irrevocable step, until at last a horrible discovery brought him to final action.

One night, tired out with a hard day's work, and feeling now all the time half sick with his mental troubles, he went to bed at an unusually early hour. When he told Bessie that he was going off, he fancied there was a look of delight in her face, but he imagined it was merely because she was glad to be rid of his hated presence, and utterly wearied out he soon fell into a deep sleep. He was wakened by the sound of the sharp closing of the outside door, and, starting up, discovered that his wife was not beside him.

With a heart full of all sorts of vague apprehensions of horror, he sprang up, and hastily flinging on some clothes went down stairs. There was a light shining out from under his study door, and the sound of his wife's voice arrested him. Yes, she was there beyond a doubt, and more than that, some man was with her. Harry heard the deep bass of his voice, the light treble of hers, but could not distinguish one word they said. He stood there, great drops of agony on his brow, for the few moments that made up the interview. Then, as he heard them approach the door, he returned rapidly to the stairs. In the darkness, from the spot where he paused, he saw them come out—Bessie, and a stranger whose form he could not distinguish, as there was no light in the hall except that which came out dimly from the study. He saw the two go together to the front door, and Bessie close and lock it, after what seemed indeed to be a very hurried good night.

He waited for no more, but darting upstairs to his room flung himself again into bed, with his good, honest heart wrung to almost its last capability of agony.

Yes, the time had come at last; he could not permit his wife to trifle thus madly with her own honor and his. If she gave her strange lover clandestine interviews in his own house, however brief and innocent they might now be, the worst consequences must follow soon. Yes, he must hesitate no longer, to-morrow they must part, and perhaps forever.

With these terrible thoughts in his heart sleep was an impossibility. With the first gray dawn of the April morning Harry arose and stole quietly from the room. A rapid toilet in the dressing-room, and then he went down stairs to his study. It was still almost dark, but he drew his table to a window and began to write the fatal letter. Again and again he tried, but the task was more difficult than he had imagined; it was so hard, despite all he had seen, to tell his young wife that he believed her false. An hour was spent in fruitless efforts, and then impatiently he started up from the table and walked across the room.

At that moment the early sunlight began to stream in at the windows, and Harry gazed about him in utter astonishment. On the walls hung the two engravings he had so often wished to have. Elegantly framed, fresh and bright, they seemed to smile at his wretchedness. Utterly amazed, as if in a dream, Harry walked up to one of them. A little slip of paper was stuck in the corner; on it were these words:

"*A birthday present for my darling Harry, from Bessie.*"

The other one was similarly ornamented, and he stood looking from one to another in half pleased bewilderment. Yes, it was his birthday, though he had totally forgotten it until now, but she had thought of it; she did care a little for him, then, and a faint light began to break in upon him, when the door opened, and Bessie stood before him, bright and smiling as the morning.

"Twenty-nine to-day!" she cried. "You owe me twenty-nine kisses, my dear, darling Harry."

But he stood looking at her, still half incredulous and amazed.

"Wait a moment, Bessie," he stammered. "When were these put here?"

"Last night, after you went to bed. I bought them of Norton, and his man was not to bring them until eleven o'clock. I trusted to luck to have you out of the way. Did not you see how glad I was when you went to bed? It was so much nicer to surprise you."

Harry dropped into a chair. "Oh! what a fool I have been!" he groaned.

"Why, what is the matter, Harry? Aren't you pleased?" And she was by his side, looking at him so wistfully.

"Pleased! Oh! Bessie, I do not know how to tell you all I have been thinking of."

"Why, have you really been troubled, my love? Sometimes I feared you were, and then I thought it was only because you guessed my secret and were humoring me."

"Your secret? Oh, Bessie, what secret?" and he seized her hand in fresh agony of an avowal.

"Why, don't you know? I earned the money to buy these all myself!" and the bright eyes sparkled with proud delight.

"You earned it! How?

"By writing for THE POST; I thought you knew it all along."

But the next moment Bessie began to think Harry had lost his mind, for he was dancing about the room in seemingly the most frantic glee, every now and then kissing her passionately, and then caporing off again in fresh ecstacy.

"Oh, how stupid I have been! Oh, my own darling wife! Then you really do love me?"

"Love you! Of course I do, my dear Harry, why I have been working so hard to earn enough in the time. You must have seen how I have been writing; it was Kate Morris who first suggested the idea, and she has helped me correct my pieces. Why, I wrote the story of 'The Unhappy Marriage,' you read to me the other night. I thought I should never be able to sit quietly through your reading; and you looked at me so, I was sure you suspected me."

"Oh, Harry, Harry, you are an ass?" exclaimed Harry. "But I don't care, now it is all over, and I never will doubt my darling wife again."

"Why, Harry, what do you mean?" asked Bessie, anxiously.

Harry would not have told her, he was so heartily ashamed of his own suspicions, but Bessie, catching sight of his desk, and her name on one of the papers on it, seized it up and began to read.

"Why, Harry, what does this mean?

"'Bessie, we must part, perhaps forever! I know that you love me no longer——'"

"There, there, please don't," cried Harry. "I am so ashamed, I cannot bear to let you know all my folly."

"But yet, Harry," said Bessie, looking very grave, "this is to me, and I have a right to know what it is."

"'Yes, you love me no longer! I know this, and more. I know the name of your new *friend*—this Edward Post—for whom you would give me up——'"

"Why, Harry, what does this mean? Edward Post! I know of no one of that name."

"I know it; I know it now," said Harry, utterly overwhelmed at his own absurdity. "I can't bear to have you know what a fool I have been, but, you see, I saw two notes from you addressed to Ed. Post."

But here they both burst into such a shout of laughter, that his story was for a moment entirely suspended, and it ended finally in a rush into each other's arms, and a shower of kisses.

But, after a while, the explanation was clearly made. Bessie told Harry frankly the whole innocent plot; how the strange visitor he had seen one afternoon was a young man from the office of THE POST, with a note; how her visits to Kate Morris, when she would not let him come with her, had been solely to consult her upon the subject of her MS.; and how, as for Kate's cousins, named Post, she had never even seen them, as they all lived in New York.

And Harry, too, made a full confession, a confession that was so sad, that it filled Bessie's gentle heart with tender pity. But she gave him full absolution for all his suspicions, and he promised never again to be jealous even of Ed. Post.

MEN'S lives should be like the seasons, aglow with promises, and the autumn rich with golden sheaves, where good words and deeds have ripened on the field.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMAS.

1.

I'm a true friend to ev'ry one, no matter whom or where;
I never flatter or omit, my virtues are so rare:
And yet how sorry I'm to say't, that those who most consult me,
Are either idle, vain or proud, or at best something flighty.
And many homes I've broken up, and many lives I've ta'en;
I bow the strong man's body down, and give the passions rein;
Yet I'm the light of every house, I bring the distant near,
Unveil the marvels of the flood, the wonders of the sphere.

2.

In the sultry suns of summer, in autumn's golden time,
My voice is all of gentleness, like Sabbath morning's chime;
But I become a terror, the dread of seamen bold,
When winter binds the shuddering earth within its chilling fold;
And oft I serve poor puny man, though I brook no control;
My home is not, and yet I range from Indus to the Pole.

3.

In THE POST you may find it,
If you will only seek;
And if that I am right,
It is in every week;
It interests the ladies,
And that without a doubt,
And information given,
Which they could not do without;
Displayed in all the latest,
Great interest it creates,
And being ever varied,
It suits the different tastes.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

I asked a pretty girl her age,
When naively she replied:
"Just six the digits are, I wage,
Together multiplied;
Reverse them, and they will exceed
My real age by nine;"
And finished very pert indeed
By asking what was mine.
So, by the mode she'd chosen, I said:
"The product's double thine
Reversions four times, pretty maid—
Now, what's your age and mine?"
She gave a wink, the little mink,
Replied, "Apply to THE POST's Sphinx."

A RIDDLE.

There is a little thing,
That's found in many lands;
Altho' it teaches multitudes,
Yet nothing understands;
'Tis found in ev'ry kingdom,
Yet not in earth or sea;
'Tis in all sorts of timber,
Yet not in any tree;
And in all sorts of metals,
But yet, as I am told,
'Tis not in iron, brass,
Tin, silver, nor in gold.

Wild Africa this wonder wants,
And so doth Asia;
But yet, as travelers do inform,
'Tis in America;
Germany enjoys it,
Yet does not France, nor Spain;
In Hungary and Poland,
To seek for it, it's vain.
In Amsterdam 'tis common,
Yet Holland wants it still;
It is in ev'ry mountain,
But not in any hill.

It never was in Italy;
In Rome it still appears;
It comes in every moment,
Yet not in twenty years;
Old England cannot show it,
Nor Scotland, as men say,
Yet, in Westminster and Cambridge,
You may see it ev'ry day;
And tho' you never think of it,
'Tis never out of mind;
And always in its proper place,
Indeed, you may it find.

MYTHOLOGICAL CHARADE.

Many have praised its mighty, wondrous power;
Princes and lords it has crushed in an hour;
When used by the good man, the terror of evil;
When used by the bad, a mere tool of the devil.

When pretty maidens in their teens,
whom Cupid's darts
Have pierced, do this, they almost break their parents' hearts;
But as they're young, folks soon forgot their folly and their madness,
Tho' very oft these escapades have caused their future sadness.

One of the most virtuous ladies of whom we have mention,
Tho' many and many a spark would offer attention,
To her vows of truth and constancy she ever did hold fast;
I'm sure she well deserved to meet her husband safe at last.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When is a youth a dangerous companion?

2. Why do geese eat more than ganders?

3. When is an elephant preparing to travel?

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 2, Vol. 54.

PUZZLES.—1. Stock. 2. Marygold.

REBUS.—Clock. Lock.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

G
BET
BARED
GERMANY
STAND
AND
Y

FLOWER ACROSTIC.—Forget-me-not-thus, Flytrap, Oakleaves, Rudbeckia, Garden-sage, Elm, Trefoil, Mountain-ash, Endive, Nasturtium, Orange-tree and Thrift.

FLOWER CONUNDRUMS.—1. Rocket. 2. Forget-me-not.

ENIGMA.—Woman.

ARITHMETICAL CHARADE.—CIVIL.

MYTHOLOGICAL CHARADES.—1. A-poll-o. 2. Rob-i-gus. 3. Call-i-ope. 4. Vest-a. 5. Bell-on-a.

PALINDROME.—Madam.

LOGOGRIPH.—Rabbit. Rabbi.

FACETIÆ

OVER-WARM friendship, like hot potatoes, are quickly dropped.

AN animal possessed of a splendid ear but a very poor voice—A donkey.

BACON says that "good schools make men." Then they are man'factories.

IN love, all men are fools alike, just as in a dark room they are all of one color.

To prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

TAKE care of your health and wife—they are the two better halves that make a man of you.

WHICH travels at the greatest speed, heat or cold? Heat; because you can easily catch cold.

THE boys and girls are at the present time in high clover, figuratively speaking, over their long vacation.

A YOUNG gentleman says he thinks that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are too "*No*-ing by half."

ONE of the easiest and best ways to expand the chest is to have a good, large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

IT is probable that the legislator who wanted to make kissing a misdemeanor never saw a miss demean herself under the operation.

A LITTLE boy heard his mother tell of eighteen head of cattle being burnt the other night. "Weren't their tails burnt also?" he inquired.

"HUSBAND," said the wife of a young clergyman, "read me one of your sermons, I feel dreadfully wakeful to-night, and I wish to sleep."

THAT is a quaint bit of humorous criticism wherewith the St. Louis *Globe* speaks of a certain long-winded Missouri orator as a man who "has a sleeping car attached to his train of thought."

THE man who attends to his own little game, and lets the world wag, is the one who wins; and the woman who keeps right along with her own little knitting work is the one who has whole stockings to wear to avoid chilblains in winter.

SENTIMENTAL arithmetic calculates thus: 2 glances, make one look; 2 looks, make one sigh; 4 sighs, make one waltz; 3 waltzes, make one palpitate; 2 palpitations, make one call; 2 calls, make one attention; 2 attentions, make one fool (sometimes two); 2 fools, make one flirtation; 1 flirtation plus 2 bouquets equal to one engagement, equal to one marriage.

A VETERINARY fashion editor says: "The latest style of bonnet for horses has long floating scarlet strings, which tie under the chin, and are trimmed with black lace and edged with chenille fringe. The crown of this bonnet is shirred transversely, and it is trimmed with a dainty puffing of ribbon and a white muslin fluting, edged with Valenciennes lace. It is just lovely."

"I WOULD marry you, Jacob," said a lady to an importunate lover, "were it not for three reasons."

"Oh, tell me," he said, imploringly, "what they are, that I may remove them?"

"The first is," said she, "I don't love you; the second is, I don't want to love you; and the third is, I couldn't love you if I wanted to!"

ACCORDING to some late theories, our feelings and innermost thoughts are not located in any particular place, but are all about us. Imagine a believer in this theory trying to pledge eternal constancy to his adored in such language as the following: "Dearest, believe me, I do love you with my whole nervous organism. You share with no other being the emotions which pervade my undivided gray matter, and if I were conscious of a ganglion that throbbed but for thee, be sure I would not sleep till I had procured its neurotomy."

A YOUNG lady in town is in a dilemma. She was given a piece of wedding cake and told that if she placed it under her pillow she would dream of her future husband. But before going to bed she ate two plates of ice cream and a large pickle, and her dreams were confined solely to ten-legged monsters with fiery eyes and flaming tails, which suddenly changed to huge bonnets with wings and claws, and then again to an army of no-headed giants with banners of newspaper panniers! She says she will remain single all her life before she marries one of those things.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.—Charlie's wife is a very dear, loving, little woman, and an excellent housekeeper. The other day she moved her low rocking-chair close to his side, placing her dear little hand lovingly on his arm, and moved it along softly towards his coat-collar. He certainly expected a kiss. Dear, sweet, loving creature!—an angel!

"Husband," says she.

"What, my dear?"

"I was just thinking——"

"Were you, my love?"

"I was just thinking how nicely *this suit of clothes you have on would work into a rag carpet!*"

A VALUABLE CAT.—"Can I be of any use?" asked a young Oxonian of a distressed female at the Alnwick station.

"You are a witness?" she said.

"Of what?" said the Oxonian.

"That I gave my basket to a man!"

"Certainly."

"A railway servant?"

"He said so."

"He's off with it. He's a thief, a robber; he's an impostor, whether he's a railway servant or not. He's off with my greatest treasure!"

"Compose yourself, madam," said the superintendent, making his way through the crowd, "if what you have lost cannot be found, and you really gave it to one of our people, perhaps some compensation——"

"Compensation," exclaimed the woman. "Brute, mercenary brute! There is no compensation for a loss like mine."

"Of what nature is that loss?" said another railway official.

"Of a very serious nature, sir, to me; of an irreparable nature," she replied. "That basket contained—oh, my! oh, my! it contained my Rufus! Oh! Rufus! pride of my heart! comfort of my life! my companion! my bedfellow! my sleek! my tabby furry, purry! my whiskered, my darling, my bushy-tailed Angora, my Rufus!"

"You don't mean to say, ma'am, that you're kicking up all this row and rumpus about a cat?" said one of the porters.

"A cat, sir, yes, but such a cat as you never beheld. A cat worth ten such men as you!"

I WISH HE'D MAKE UP HIS MIND.

BY S. C. E.

I wish he would make up his mind, ma,
For I don't care much longer to wait;
I'm sure I have hinted quite strongly
That I thought of changing my state;
For a sweetheart he's really so backward,
I can't bring him out, though I try;
I own that he's very good-tempered,
But then he's so dreadfully shy!

When I speak about love and a cottage,
He gives me a look of surprise;
And if I but hint at a marriage,
He blushes quite up to his eyes;
I can't make him jealous—I've tried it—
And 'tis no use my being unkind,
For that's not the way, I'm certain,
To get him to make up his mind.

I've sung him love sonnets by dozens,
I've worked him both slippers and hose,
And we've walked by moonlight together;
Yet he never attempts to propose!
You must really ask his intention,
Or some other beau I must find;
For indeed I won't tarry much longer
For one who can't make up his mind.

THE EBONY CASKET;

OR,

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

[This serial was commenced in No. 45. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ABDUCTION.

When Bernice came to herself again, it was night. She was reclining upon the seat, with her head resting against somebody's shoulder. The carriage was still in motion. The lamps lighted, and a dull glare was thrown over herself and her companion.

She moved, moaned and finally raised herself a little upon one elbow.

"Dora, do not harm me," she gasped, in a hoarse, scarcely audible voice.

"It is not Dora," was the answer.

She started, stared wildly, and, after a minute or two, during which there was a blur before her vision, saw the straight, rigid figure of Mrs. Raymond herself beside her.

"Why is this?" she faltered. "Where is Dora?"

"At Shrublands I suppose," was the quiet answer.

"And we?"

"We are on the road above Harlem."

Bernice pressed her hand against her temples, and tried to think coherently.

"Where are we going?" she said, faintly, at last.

"To visit a friend of mine," was the hesitating reply. "But we will not reach her house to-night. We must put up at a hotel, presently."

"A hotel?"

"Yes. But do not talk. You have been ill."

Bernice glanced up at the cool, placid face bending over her, and could have struck the woman for her hypocrisy.

"Why is not Dora with me?" she asked, shivering.

"Dora?" with a little start of well-simulated surprise. "For the very good reason that she did not wish to come, I suppose."

"She set out with me."

"Dora?" again echoed Mrs. Raymond. "You are mistaken, my dear. Dora did not leave the house all day long."

With a blank look, that might have expressed wonder, terror, or any other strong emotion, Bernice said, eagerly:

"She came to my room, and asked me to drive with her. You met us in the hall, and gave us the wine that—that—was drugged. It was broad daylight, and Dora and I were driving in a lonely road when the narcotic took effect."

Mrs. Raymond smiled and shook her head. She did not look the least put out.

"Poor thing," she murmured. "Your head is turned."

"Do you mean to insinuate that what I have said is not true?" cried Bernice, starting up, and trembling violently.

"True enough, child, so far as your knowledge goes. But it happens that you are mistaken. You must have been dreaming, I think; or is it all due to your sudden illness?"

"I have not been ill."

A smile and a shrug was the only answer.

"I have been drugged. Dora confessed as much. You know it, for it was you who gave me the deadly stuff. You can't deny it!"

Bernice was growing quite heated in her fright and anger, but Mrs. Raymond's composure remained unruffled.

"Poor child," she said, again. "What a singular delusion. I never gave you any wine; and it was I, not Dora, who set out with you. I have been with you all the while."

Bernice saw it would be useless to argue the matter. But Mrs. Raymond's positive assertions did not impose upon her. She knew the events of the last few hours were no dream.

For a long time she sat quite still, thinking. Where were they going, and for what purpose? Had the carriage been moving in a circle all this while?

It seemed possible. How else had Mrs. Raymond managed to take her daughter's place in it? With all their boldness, they would not have taken her back to Shrubland, while under the influence of the drug.

There was something mysterious in this whole affair. She could not comprehend what they expected to accomplish by it.

The casket! She felt quickly for it, and then remembered where it had been hidden. How fortunate it was no longer upon her person.

Mrs. Raymond had searched for it while she lay unconscious. She knew that by the horribly baffled light in the woman's eyes.

What was the hour? The night—what she could see of it, beyond the swinging carriage-lamps—looked dark as Erebus. It must be at least ten o'clock.

She roused herself with a start. Ten! She had promised to meet Jasper Layton at that hour. He was in the grounds, perhaps, waiting for his bride, and wondering why she did not come.

Turning, she suddenly flung herself at Mrs. Raymond's feet.

"Take me back to Shrublands!" she cried, in plaintive entreaty. "I must go back! Great heavens, why are you taking me away against my will?"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Raymond, sternly and coldly. "Don't make a scene. I hate scenes. Besides, it would be useless. Be quiet, trust yourself to me, and all will be well."

"Why should I trust myself to you?"

"Because you cannot help it."

A pertinent reason, and so poor Bernice felt.

"I will scream for help to the first person who passes."

"Do so. And I will tell that person you are a poor crazed thing I am taking to an asylum. Whose story, think you, would be believed?"

Bernice shivered, for she realized how utterly she was in this wicked woman's power.

"I shall still trust in God for help," she said, drawing back, and covering her face to hide the bitter tears that would come.

"Do. But I warn you not to appeal to any mortal we may meet on the way."

After this singularly sarcastic speech, there was silence between them. The carriage rolled on for two interminable hours, the driver keeping his seat like a wooden figure, and never once looking behind him.

In spite of the darkness, Bernice was sure the same road was passed and repassed several times.

At last the carriage wheels rolled noiselessly over the grass-grown surface of a lawn, and drew up before what seemed to be a large building, though no light gleamed anywhere, and all was silent as the grave.

"Is this a hotel?" asked Bernice, looking out.

"Yes. Let us go in."

"But," faltered Bernice, "there are no maids, no porters, no——"

"Come," interrupted Mrs. Raymond, impatiently. "I am tired, and we are wasting time here."

She stepped lightly to the ground, and Bernice followed. She dared not do otherwise, for the driver had descended from the box, and now stood beside them; and, though he said not a word, she knew by his manner that he was there to see his mistress' wishes enforced.

"This way, dear," and Mrs. Raymond, seizing hold of her hand, half led, half dragged her up some steps, and, the next instant, a heavy door shut sharply behind them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A MIDNIGHT WEDDING.

Meanwhile how fared it with the eager lover who was to meet his promised bride in the grounds at Shrublands that night?

Long before the specified hour came around he was pacing backwards and forwards over the loose gravel of the drive, and halting by the great gate that gave egress to the grounds, there to watch and listen.

A slouched hat and long cloak disguised his figure very effectually, but even these could not take away its nameless grace, its kinglincss. A prince in the garb of a beggar still looks the prince.

He was puffing furiously at a cigar, and every now and then shrugged his shoulders and muttered an oath, if the truth must be told, at the long delay.

At last, just as the distant village clocks chimed the hour of ten, a dark figure came hurrying down the avenue, and paused a few yards away.

"Bernice!" he called, impatiently.

At the sound of his voice the figure came quickly up to his side, and said in a hoarse whisper:

"It is you, Jasper?"

"Of course. I have been waiting an unconscionably long time."

"Ten o'clock was the hour you named."

"Oh! to be sure. I had no right to be impatient."

He started slightly as he spoke, and stared hard at the figure before him. She was even more closely wrapped than himself. Though the night was dark, with only a few stars to pierce the gloom, her face was covered with a heavy veil.

She had not spoken above a whisper, and yet there was something in the sound of her voice that filled him with a vague uneasiness, he knew not why.

"You are wonderfully muffled," he muttered.

"Hush!" she said, laying one hand upon his arm. "Don't make a loud noise. And, for heaven's sake, let us hasten. I'm sure I have been seen—perhaps followed."

"The carriage waits in a clump of trees down yonder. Everything is in readiness. Let anybody attempt to stop us who dares!"

So saying, and muttering something that sounded suspiciously like an oath, he drew the veiled figure more closely to his side, and passed quickly, but noiselessly, through the gate. A five minutes' walk brought them to the clump of trees of which he had spoken.

"The chapel will be lighted and the priest ready for us, Bernice, darling," he said, as he helped her into the close carriage that stood waiting and seated himself beside her. "I looked after all that to-day."

She silently pressed his hand for answer.

"Don't spare the horses," he called out, excitedly, to the man upon the box. "Ten dollars extra if you reach the chapel within half an hour!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

They tore down the road at a furious rate. Leaning towards his companion, he slipped his arm around her waist.

"You will soon be mine—my wife," he whispered, tenderly. "Then your cause will be mine, and no man living will dare breathe a word against you."

"I do not deserve such happiness," Jasper," she murmured, faintly.

Again did the man give a sudden start, for something in that voice, low as was the tone, struck with an unfamiliar sound upon his ear.

This fact will not surprise the reader, who knows that the real Bernice Vance was far enough away from Shrublands at this hour.

Jasper Layton (or he who called himself by that name) became suddenly silent. He banished the momentary uneasiness that beset him, but a sudden chill seemed somehow to have dampened his ardor.

They sat in utter silence during the remainder of the journey. At last a gleam of light flashed through the shrubbery, not so far away. The carriage drew up before a low building, where a very dim light gleamed through the narrow windows.

They left the carriage, and quickly crossed the dark porch, and hurried up the aisle, the driver and one other, who were to stand as witnesses, following.

Behind the flickering candles at the altar stood the priest, robed and ready.

"Quick!" said the would-be bridegroom, in a high, impatient voice. "We are pursued! We must lose no time!"

The bride did not raise her veil. But she suddenly put out her hand with a commanding gesture, glided up to the priest and whispered half a dozen hurried words in his ear.

The man of God recoiled a little, and a sharp cry escaped his lips. For one instant his face was upturned in remonstrance, but the bride swept sharply away from him again, and resumed her old place beside her promised husband.

The priest lifted the book with trembling hands. He cast one or two apprehensive glances all round, as if at a loss, but, after a moment's hesitation, the marriage service was begun.

It went on to the end—often very indistinct—almost inaudible to the two witnesses a few steps away—and husband and wife knelt to receive the fatherly blessing of the priest.

It was over at last. The two, whom naught but death hereafter could sever, in God's sight, rose up, side by side. The candle flared up suddenly, and the bride stepped close up to the altar, and stood in the brightened glow.

"Jasper Layton," she said, in a clear, distinct voice, "you shall now behold the face of the woman you have married!"

The words were like a shock. They echoed strangely through that dim, shadow-haunted place. Without waiting to observe this effect, she suddenly flung aside veil and cloak, and stood looking, with sparkling but triumphant eyes, at her newly-made husband.

It was Dora Raymond! Dora with a flush upon her cheeks, and an almost supernatural beauty lighting up her face.

For a breathing space nobody stirred or spoke. Then a sharp cry echoed through the dismal chapel, to be followed by silence, and silence by a low, discordant laugh.

Dora looked very angry. Her face, with its rigid lines and compressed lips, showed that she had prepared herself for a scene.

"Look at me," she said, in a hard, metallic voice, "and see how completely you have been outwitted. Ah, Jasper Layton, you were not dealing with a child when you cast *me* off for a fresher face! I've watched you from first to last, for I saw you meant to do me a bitter wrong."

"A wrong?" he echoed; "not so." And he looked at her with a shrug, and another unpleasant laugh.

This coolness drove Dora desperate. She had expected something so very different when the denouement took place. And here was this man she had married, in spite of his teeth, coolly laughing in her face.

"You villain!" she cried, sharply, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Only this, my charming bride, that I very much fear you have burned your own fingers in trying to be revenged upon me."

"I am your wife, Jasper. I married you under my own name, only your ears were not sharp enough to catch it. Ask yonder driveling priest. He will tell you I speak the truth."

With a slight shrug, he made answer:

"I do not dispute your word, or your claim."

"What *do* you mean?" she cried, wildly, a vague feeling of alarm taking possession of her mind. "Are you not going to forgive the successful game I have played? Remember, you drove me to it. I—I—loved you," hushing and dropping her eyes at the avowal. "I could not bear to see you going over to my rival. Besides, you were pledged to me—my promised husband. I watched you when you met Bernice in the shrubbery; I heard you plan the secret marriage, and—and took her place when the appointed time came round, as I had a perfect right to do, for had you not vowed eternal constancy to me, first of all?"

She paused a moment, confronting him with burning cheeks and flashing eyes; but he seemed in no wise moved from his insolent calm.

"I have listened to you," he said, with a grimace, "and now, perhaps you will do me the honor to hear me in my turn."

"Speak," she said, haughtily.

"This seems to be a season of surprises. I *may* have one in store for you."

She clutched at the altar-rail, growing white as death, as if sudden conviction had forced itself upon her mind.

"Well," she cried, "for God's sake don't keep me in suspense!"

She was staring wildly at him, with her fingers clasped over her temples.

"I am not Jasper Layton."

A moan, a low choking cry, and she managed to gasp:

"Who, then, are you?"

"His twin-brother, Philip."

She knew he had spoken truly. For one mad moment the dismal room, the gaping priest, the flickering candles, that cool, mocking face turned so steadfastly upon her, seemed to swim round and round.

Making a desperate struggle, she recovered herself. But she did not speak at once—she could not.

Philip broke the silence.

"I confess that you astonished me very much, just now. I had not a well-defined doubt but that I was marrying Bernice Vance. But it has been a tit-for-tat game. Neither of us has cause to boast very much over the other. I think you are quite as deeply confounded as I was."

"I did not know Jasper had a brother," she murmured, faintly.

"Humph! He was never very proud of me, I think," shrugging and smiling in his most detestable manner; "that accounts for his never having mentioned me."

She bit her lip, and asked, after a pause:

"Did Bernice know?"

"That it was not the real Jasper—what a fortunate fellow he is, by the way!—who was making love to her? No, I must say. But her subtle instincts showed her a difference between us. She must be very much in love with him, I judge from that. I was afraid, every moment we spent together, she would discover the imposture. She came very near it."

Dora smiled, rather bitterly. There was self-contempt in her smile. She felt humbled, and almost maddened with repressed despair, if the truth must be told.

No wonder. She, too, had loved Jasper. By her own confession she loved him. The full consequence of what had just transpired forced themselves home upon her heart.

She had raised up an insurmountable bar between herself and the man of her choice. She could never be more to him than a friend—scarcely that. She was the wife of another. No matter how blindly she had been deluded, the tie could never be ignored.

And her own mad folly, shortsightedness, call it what you will, had led her into this complication of difficulties.

She heaved a deep sigh. After all, it was the wiser plan to make the best of what could not be helped. After a moment's thinking, she turned to Phil, and said:

"Let Bernice rest, if you please. I am no longer interested in her affairs. But I *would* like to know what you propose to do."

He gave a quiet chuckle.

"Very sensible of you, my dear," he said, nonchalantly. "Now for a little further talk before we come to a decision. You don't know anything about *me*, but I can lay claim to no such ignorance of yourself. I heard of you, long ago. By accident I discovered that my amiable brother had a penchant in that direction. That fact brought me out to take a peep at you."

"Indeed," she said, grimly.

"Yes. I found a very pretty woman, as you know full well. But I saw Bernice, almost as soon as I saw you. Circumstances caused me to pay my devoirs to her."

He paused, smiled significantly, like the cool calculating villain he was, but, meeting no responsive smile, went on:

"I found that Bernice was sweet on Jasper, too. That is not all I discovered. No matter. I soon made up my mind to marry the girl. I could do that in only one way—to personate Jasper."

"I don't wonder the plot suggested itself to you," said Dora, bitterly. "But you can never accomplish your purpose, now."

"No," coolly. "But I am just as well satisfied. You are *almost* as pretty, and my affections are easily transferred. But instead of playing into Bernice's hands, I must now work against her."

"Hush!" Dora changed color again, and lifted a warning finger, glancing quickly towards the priest and the two men grouped in the aisle. "Take care," she whispered. "Remember that our interests are now identical. Now tell me what you mean?"

"This," he answered, close to her ear, with a significant look. "Bernice is in your way. You would give your little finger to be rid of her forever."

She started, and caught her breath sharply. "What do you know?" she demanded. "What have you heard?"

"I have heard enough, and know enough to injure you and yours very much, if I felt so disposed."

She trembled, in spite of herself. Her quivering fingers shut together in a convulsive clasp.

"I do not understand how you could have made the discovery you claim to have made," she murmured.

"It does not matter. By keeping my eyes and ears open I might say, but it would not help you any. My abilities for putting two and two together were always good."

He laughed as he spoke. Dora stood quite still, looking at him in silence, a moment. She was doing her best to accept the situation cheerfully.

"After all," said she, presently, giving him her hand, "I do not regret what happened here to-night. I think I understand the sort of man you are, Mr. Philip Layton. If I am not mistaken, you will prove a powerful ally."

"That is as you decide, my dear."

"Bah! Let us go, then."

"Where, my charmer?"

"Back to Shrublands, of course."

She drew her wraps around her once more, and Phil, smiling quietly, led her down the aisle and seated her in the carriage that waited at the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

The dreamy midsummer days are upon us now in all the plenitude of their splendor, and "the season," out of time, is at the zenith.

As yet, there is nothing very new or marked to record. No decided changes, either in dresses or bonnets, are being introduced, but there are always pleasing variations in trimmings, etc., to note, and many quaint little fancies in the form of ties, sacques, and what not, are continually "cropping out," like stray blossoms, into bloom, from the fertile brains of the artistic modiste who caters to the demands of the world of fashion.

The fickleness of the goddess, whose sway all acknowledge and bow before, will not permit a style to remain many weeks in vogue without suggesting some alteration, be it ever so slight; consequently, the overskirts, which at the inauguration of the season, were moderately long in front, have been increasing their inches, until in the suits latest made they reach below the knee, that is, in front, for from the hips they slope upwards, until, on reaching the middle of the back, the ends are so short that the basque tabs may cover them. Sometimes they are ended by sash-ends of the material, a continuation of the skirt, which are knotted loosely together.

We noticed an exceedingly graceful style for an overdress, either of Swiss or French muslin or hernani. It was different from most of the others in this particular, that it opened in front. It seemed to be composed of two pieces, which were drawn away on either side in loose folds towards the back, where they were tied together, and, hanging down, fell in wide sash-ends. A sleeveless jacket, with slashed sides, completed the garment. The trimming for both skirt and jacket was simply a wide ruffle of the material—Swiss muslin, edged with narrow Valenciennes lace. Worn over a silk underskirt the effect was very graceful, besides being simple and girlish.

We noticed a very elaborate suit, an imported one, in two shades of green—light serge and olive. The material was glossy challie. The underskirt was of the light shade, the front breadths being trimmed with fine narrow bias ruffles, with a French hem; the back widths were covered more than half way from the waist with ruffings. At each side were two sash-shaped pieces of the dark green, laid on flat, rounded at the sides, and reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt; they were embroidered in light sage-green twist. The overskirt was merely an apron, covering the space in front between the side pieces, and trimmed with folds of the dark, piped on each side with the light. The bottom was edged with a narrow ruffle of the dark, embroidered in light sage twist; it ended in a sash at the back of the light, lined with the dark. The back of the underskirt, being quite long, was drawn up with tapes to form a small bouffant, which was held in place by the sash. The basque was a postillion; the sleeves, of the light, slashed open at the back of the arm, and revealing puffs of the dark beneath; the opening was caught together at regular intervals from shoulder to waist with large buttons covered with close crochet in dark green silk twist. Similar buttons were placed upon the front. The waist of the basque was of the dark, giving the appearance of a sleeveless jacket.

A pretty fancy now for closing the front of the light polonaises so much worn, is to place bows thereon instead of buttons. The bows may be of the material, or of ribbon to match the trimming.

As no summer outfit seems complete now without at least one hernani suit, we will describe one we saw which is at once effective and easily made. The underdress was of the plain black hernani, made with one deep flounce, laid on in kilt-plaits; above it was a narrower one of satin-striped hernani, gathered slightly. The front breadth above the two flounces was trimmed with alternate flounces and folds of the plain and striped, the flounces being of the plain, and graduated until the last was merely a frill, the folds being of the striped. The overdress was a polonaise of the satin-striped, looped high at the sides and drawn away towards the back; around the bottom and up the front on either side was thread-lace, three inches wide. The sash was of black silk, embroidered in a pattern of oak leaves and acorns, and thickly beaded with fine cut jet. The neck was trimmed with a fraise of the hernani, lined with black silk; bows of black faille ribbons fastened it from the neck and adorned the sleeves.

Very pretty suits for little girls are made of the many pretty cambrics and batistes now seen. The favorite styles are the sailor blouses, so popular last winter, and the single skirt, laid in heavy kilt pleating, or else the box-pleated waist and two skirts, one trimmed with deep Spanish flounces, bordered with a pretty chintz pattern, while the upper is generally plain, and edged only with a band of the same chintz pattern which edges the lower flounce. Large sailor collars of the dress material, also edged with the chintz stripe, finish the blouse. Inside is worn a white frill, which stands well up about the neck. Suits of gray undressed linen, trimmed with dark blue batiste, are also much worn, and are very serviceable, since they wash well. The hat, of either light or dark straw, with a broad flexible rim, turned up at one side, with a spray of flowers or a bright wing, is generally worn by girls with these suits.

Striped stockings are quite popular also, even for the elder sisters and mammas, especially when the low shoes are worn. Popular as are these low shoes, we cannot say that we admire them. One must have a very charmingly-shaped instep and slender foot for it to appear to any advantage in them. A broad, flat foot is ten-fold aggravated in ugliness when encased in "Oxford ties." If persons would only consider such things, and give them a little thought, how much incongruity in dress might be avoided and sins against good taste. I am afraid, however, that in order to bring about such a desirable state of affairs the "power" would have to be invoked and propitiated who could "the giftie gie us to see oursels as ithers see us," since very few are sufficiently aware of their own personal defects to correct them by adapting their style of dress to that end.

Among the lesser items of fashion gossip, comes the news that the English walking hat of straw, with the sides turned up close to the crown, is being again introduced. It is a style so becoming to faces in general that it will, we think, be welcomed. We noticed a pretty one of yellow straw, worn by a sparkling brunette, and trimmed with a scarf of black turquoise silk and a cluster of buff tea roses, with shaded brown leaves. Very coquetish ties of China crape, in pale shades, combined with thread and Valenciennes lace, are much worn, and certainly form very dainty adjuncts to a fresh summer toilette. One we saw was made in this way: a bow of the crepe, cut bias, was placed on one side, extending longitudinally; a double quilling of wide Valenciennes lace ran parallel to it. I should have mentioned that it was made upon a foundation of net.

Grenadine and net veils are worn by the seaside belles anxious to preserve their crepes and curls, together with their delicate complexions, from the sea air and the glare from the sands while promenading in the afternoons. Some even wear them on the hotel piazzas. We noticed a fascinating beauty who wore her Spanish scarf ostensibly for the same purpose, but with a charming regard to the effect upon her peculiar style of beauty, with marked success.

Gossip from Paris says that embroidery in blue and gray is all the rage.

Fichus are being worn again of lace or muslin.

Black satin fans, with sticks of delicately-carved ivory, are very stylish.

The "coming bonnet" is said to be large.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS J. W.—Yes, your order has just arrived. Will attend to the purchasing of the cloth for your habit at once. You can have it made here if you like by sending bust and waist measure and length of arm.

"YOUNG MOTHER."—By all means dress the dear baby in white for her christening. We think nothing suits the dear little ones so well as spotless white, pure as their stainless souls. You may certainly have a sash for her, but let it be white, also. Wish we could see her, the sweet baby!

"FORTY-FIVE."—You can obtain anything you desire in gray hair, but it is, as your friend told you, more expensive than any other kind. We think you right to wear your hair gray, and not resort to the abominable practice of dyeing it. To our taste, nothing is more beautiful than snow-white hair, whether the face beneath it be old or young.

ALLIE W.—Your little boy of seven is not too large to wear the kilted skirts and short trousers. Try to *persuade* his papa to be of the same mind with you in the matter; but if you desire our advice upon the subject, we say decidedly do not let it be a matter of dispute or argument between you. After all, it is only a trifle, and if, as you say, your husband is kind in most things, do not be the one to bring about discord.

"JENNIE."—This is the only safe recipe we ever heard for removing freckles: Take powdered nitrate of potash and saltpetre, and apply at night, first dampening your face with a wet towel. Poor child, we sympathise with you; it is quite an affliction to have these "sun kisses" on your nice white skin. Take comfort in the thought that they were considered as marks of beauty by the Italians formerly, and as indicating great delicacy or fineness of complexion. Yes, sashes are very much worn at the left side, fastened with a buckle or knotted.

ESSIE B.—Make your traveling dress of undressed linen, with one skirt, trimmed with a deep flounce laid on in heavy kilt pleating. Have a long, loose polonaise, trimmed with a fold of the linen, piped on either side with black or white batiste, buttoned down the front, moulds covered with the linen. Have a fraise of linen at the throat, and wear collar of striped linen, with cuffs to match. You can wear a belt made of the linen and bound with the black or white batiste, or you may wear a leather belt with chatelaine and strong hooks for umbrella and little traveling satchel. This last we would decidedly prefer. Hope you will have a delightful trip.

And now, *au revoir* for the present,

NIXOS.

BABY TALK.

Is there a language for babies? I have never found a lexicon for such language. Nevertheless, every mother and every nurse has a language for her baby. Generally it is a distortion of her own; often a language of unmeaning words. Is it a law in the nature of the child that it should understand this lame, deformed language, better than the mother's pure and perfect one? This reminds me of the one who takes excruciating pains to distort his own language, so as to make the foreigner understand him better.

In the mother, it is an affectation, playful and loving, if you please; yet it cheats her child into learning what it must soon unlearn. The affectation of language is often pretty; the Tuscans reach your heart with their melodious prattle; the Venetians attract you by a jargon that is pleasant to the ears; the Parisian inveigles you into the belief that he carries his heart on his lips. All this is done by a combination of sounds, untrue to their vernacular—by a combination of manners untrue to their real nature.

I have no doubt that the mother, in the playfulness of her love, likes to feel that her baby is a creature *per se*, that there never was one like it, and that it must be addressed unlike other human beings. "Baby go dey-dey," is intended to convey the idea to her baby that it is going to walk. "Baby go by-by," that the baby should go to sleep. "Ta-ta" is used to impart to it a sense of thankfulness, etc., etc.

Yet how cruel! That very baby has to learn that all such talk is foolish, and that it will be necessary it should say "walk," "sleep," "thank," as soon as it comes in contact with other mortals. This language of playful loving mothers is often the cause of their children's lispings and affectations that become ridiculous, in proportion as they grow older.

Teach to your baby the language you speak, correct in pronunciation, correct in grammar, and refined in choice. You will surely one day feel a sense of pride in hearing the praises bestowed upon the good language of your child. Remember that praise, or censure, passed upon your child's language, will reflect upon you, as the educator.

"LAUGH AND GET FAT."

BY JOHN KENYON.

There's nothing here on earth deserves
Half of the thought we waste about it,
And thinking but destroys the nerves,
When we could do so without it;
If folks would let the world go round,
And pay their debts, and eat their dinners,
Such doleful looks would not be found,
To frighten us poor laughing sinners.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

One plagues himself about the sun,
And puzzles on through every weather,
What time he'll rise—how long he'll run—
And when he'll leave us altogether;
Now matters it a pebble stone,
Whether he shines at six or seven?
If they don't leave the sun alone,
At last they'll plague him out of heaven!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

For tears are vastly pretty things,
But make one very thin and taper;
And sighs are music's sweetest strings,
But sound most beautiful—on paper!
"Thought" is the Sage's brightest star,
Her gems alone are worth his finding;
But as I'm not particular,
Please God! I'll keep on "never minding."
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

Oh! in this troubled world of ours,
A laughter-mine's a glorious treasure;
And separating thorns from flowers,
Is half a pain and half a pleasure:
And why be grave instead of gay?
Why feel a-thirst while folks are quaffing?
Oh! trust me, whatsoe'er they say,
There's nothing half so good as laughing!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

WILL SEAFORD'S FORTUNE.

BY C. D. CLARK.

Old Dave Barrett, rare old Dave, the prince of good messmates and able seamen, rolling his quid like a sweet morsel under his tongue, was "yarning it" in the forecastle of the whaler Neptune. Dave was a sailor, every inch. His rough face, rolling gait and delicious sea tongue, were all of the sea—salty! Brave old rover! When the Great Book is opened, and the good deeds are read, may the good overbalance the evil in his account, that he may enter the "Sailors' Snug Haven," there to ride at anchor through the long, eternal day.

"Come about me, mates," he said, "for I'm of a mind to tell you how Will Seaford found his fortune. I knowed him well, mates—no man better, and he were a man and a messmate to the very backbone. It would have done you good to see that face on deck, when they piped all hands aloft in a storm. It always did me good to see him, out there on the weather cat-ring, working away as cheerfully as if he had solid ground beneath his feet, rather than a foot-rope, while the sea boiled below, and the great rollers leaped up—eager to tear him from his hold. He was as handsome a young chap as you would wish to see, with black curling hair, black eyes, cheeks as rosy as a girl's, and mighty muscles! I often thought he had no right at sea, and was born to better things; but he loved it. Mates, when you see a smile on a man's face in hours of danger, then make up your minds that you've got a good man to stand by you when danger threatens.

"Our 'old man' was a good captin. 'Taint often you sail under a better one than Captin Jack Venner, of the old Arethusa. We had been two years on the whaling grounds, and were coming home full to the hatches; and, on the way back, we stopped at Honolulu for sea stores. When the last load had come on board, the old man went ashore in his gig, and when he came back he had a passenger in the stern sheets, the neatest little clipper these eyes ever see—his darter. Oh, she were a beauty, boys! We sailors may be rough and ready, but we love the name of woman or we are no true sailors. Will Seaford was pulling the stroke oar in the captin's gig, and his eyes were fixed upon her face in a mute, adoring way, and I knowed his billet had come. It was rough in a foremast Jack to think of falling head over ear in love with a girl like that—the captin's darter, too; but he done it. She seemed to like his looks, too, and when we sent the 'whip' down to get her up the side, Will was the one to help her into it, and tell her what to do.

"Her uncle had been United States Consul at Honolulu, and was going home in a month or so, and she wanted to go back with her father. I don't go much on consuls, mates; they don't give a foremast hand any show, generally speaking, and I know one man I'd like to knock into the shape of a slush lump some fine day, and that's the consul at Honolulu now; I wish he was condemned to sail forever in a 'limejuicer,' and eat ship biscuit and 'salt horse' to all eternity. But Milly Venner's uncle was a good man; he couldn't have her father's blood in his veins and be very bad. We sailed next day and headed towards the Cape, and I never see a gal take to the sea as Milly did. All day long she'd sit on the fork'sel, in the shadow of the sail, or else on the quarter-deck, looking out for sails and watching for the wonders of the sea. Dolphins, porpuss and sword-fish in the sea; albatross, Mother Cary's chickens and gulls in the sky—everything pleased her. And Will used to watch her, whether steering his trick at the wheel, or working in the tops, until I boned him about it.

"'I've knowed you now nigh onto two years, Will Seaford,' I says, 'and I didn't know you was a cussid fool until this blessed minute. What d'ye look at that gal fur?'

"He blushed up to the eyes and did not speak.

"'A 'fore the mast Jack—a able seaman at best—that dares to look at the captin's darter in that way, ought to be kicked from the starn post to the figure head of the old Arethusa. I wouldn't speak this way, Will, only I love you, and don't want to see you makin' a fool of yerself.'

"'I suppose I *am* a fool, old Dave,' he says, 'or such an old mutton head as you never would have found me out. So you don't think I'm good enough to look at the captain's daughter?'

"'You may be good enuff in my opinion, and in the opinion of the rest of the crew, but these captins ain't in the habit of marryin' their darters to a chap that has dipped his hand in a slush bucket.'

"He laughed, and went on with his work, and one night after the old man had turned in, and Will ought to have been in his hammock, I saw her standing with him by the lee rail, with her head mighty close to his. I were mad, I tell you, but it ain't in me to peach on a messmate, no matter what he does, and I went forrard, thinkin' what a fearful keel-hauling Will would git if the old man should come on deck, when I felt some one brush by me, and there was the old man, close beside them. The gal gave a little scream, and Will drawed hisself up and looked like a king, while the captin opened his mouth and kinder swore a little! And, when old man Venner let himself loose, he could make a dead calm at sea by swearing. It took all the wind for his breath, and made things smell of sulphur.

"'Go below,' he said, shaking his fist under Will's nose. 'I'll teach you to sneak up on deck in this way, you—swab.'

"'Don't say anything you may have cause to repent, Captain Venner,' said Will, coolly. 'I was going to speak to you to-morrow, and tell you that I loved your daughter, and wished to make her my wife.'

"I don't wonder that Captain Venner could not speak, but just stood and glared at the boy as if he would eat him. The cool impudence of the whole thing drove him half mad and he could only point towards the forecastle.

"'I'll go below if you wish it,' said Will. 'Milly, don't speak a word until we run into port, and then I will explain. I——'

"Crash! A squall was on us. The sticks came rattling down about our ears, and a great sea swept the deck. Every man, even the lookout, had been so busy watching the muss that they did not see the squall creeping up, and it took us by surprise. The old man grabbed a life line and roared to the man at the wheel to let her go before the wind, and we righted, coming up out of the foam with clean swept decks. But as we looked, neither Will Seaford or Milly were anywhere to be seen. The terrible sea which had come aboard had swept them away, and we lay in boiling water, making little way with the weight of the top hamper hanging over the mizzen sail.

"Captin Venner was a man and a sailor, and his first thought was to cut away the dragging wreck and save all the lives he could. Then, for nearly half an hour, we ran before the squall; when it ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and we beat up towards the spot where Will Seaford and Milly were lost. All night long we cruised about, sounding a fog-horn, firing guns and then waiting for the hail which we hoped might come. Morning came and found us near the place where the sea was covered with the stuff which had been swept from the deck. The captin came to me with a glass in his hand.

"'Dave,' he said, his rough lips quivering, 'go aloft and look. If they are gone I shall never forgive myself, for had I been attending to my duty this could never have happened.'

"I took the glass and ran up into the foretop. Three times I changed the elevation of the glass, and swept the sea. As I began the fourth round I saw a black spot tossing on the waves, four or five miles away, just off the lee bow, and hailed the deck. The order was given and we headed for the black spot. Nearer and nearer we came, and I could see that it was one of the spare topmasts which we kept stowed on deck, with *something* on it. Nearer yet! At least one human being was clinging to that spar, and as I looked a hand was lifted and waved in the air. On we went. The ship seemed to creep, and yet she was going ten knots. Ten minutes later we backed our topsails and a boat went down from the davits; and what a cheer went up when Will Seaford and Milly Venner were found clinging to the spar. He had lashed her firmly to it with a rope which he grasped as he went overboard after her, and all through that weary night he had cheered her with words of comfort, until he saw the Arethusa bearing down under sail.

"Milly was sent to her berth, but he was none the worse for it. That night he had a long talk with the old man in the cabin, and the captin came on deck with him next morning and piped all hands to muster.

"'My men,' he said, 'I have to introduce to you Mr. Willis Seaton, the son of the owner of this craft, who has shipped himself under false colors. Your messmate Will Seaford is no more.'

"How we cheered him and what a time of shaking hands we had. He had shipped for the love of adventure, and by doing it had found his fortune. Of course he married Milly, for what was sheer impudence in a foremast Jack was very gratifying in Willis Seaton—the son of the richest man in New Bedford. He'd have give me a ship long ago, only I ain't fool enough to take it. Eight bells! Time to turn in."

WEATHER SIGNS.

"Old Probabilities" has consigned our weather prophets and their old signs and sayings to the things that were. His daily bulletins, read all over the land, are now law and gospel to weather-seekers. But for those who are at sea, or in distant regions where the bulletins cannot be had, the old portents of sea, sky and season must be depended on to foretell the weather.

Some of these portents, as given in the rude and crude Old English, are both curious and wise, as for instance, these of the months:

"If the grass grows in Januveer,
It grows the worse for't all the year."

"A January spring
Is worth nothing."

"Of all the seasons in the year,
Curse a fair Februeer."

"As many mistises in March
So many frostises in May."

"A cold April
The barn will fill."

"When April blows his horn,
'Tis good for both hay and corn."

"Who doffs his coat on a winter's day
Will gladly put it on in May."

"Mist in May, and heat in June,
Make the harvest come right soon."

"A dripping June
Brings all things in tune."

Every one of these proverbs proclaims the acknowledged fact that a prolonged winter and a tardy spring, bespeak more abundant crops and more assured plenty than the pleasantest, however unseasonable, warmth which sometimes gladdens our hearts in winter and early spring. Nor is this belief peculiar to our own country, or even to England; it is held quite as much in the south of Europe, for the Italians have a proverb, "January commits the faults, and May bears the blame;" and it is a common saying in Spain, "A year of snow, a year of plenty."

To be in company with those we love, satisfies us; it does not signify whether we speak to them or not, whether we think on them or indifferent things; to be near them is all.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

☞ All communications must be addressed to R. J. C. WALNES, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

W. P. B. (American, Ga.)—Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, died on December 14th, 1861.

C. B. J.—Write for all information on the subject of government lands to the Commissioner of Land-Office, Washington, D. C.

A. E. B.—The line, "What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue," is to be found in a speech of Edmund Burke's, delivered at Bristol, England, in 1780.

A CONSTANT READER.—We reply to your questions as follows: (1.) No; but he is liable to both criminal and civil proceedings. (2.) Yes: not only that, but also to pay all expenses incident thereto, including loss of time and services during the illness of the party.

Y. Z.—In love making there is a maxim, and a very good one, to "Speak, and at the right time, or be forever dumb." You should be bold and resolute, as becomes a man. Nearly all young ladies don't much care about silent worship, or for homage paid from a distance.

M. E. F.—Your plaster figure, which you say got battered during house-cleaning, may be repaired with plaster of Paris, in powder, which hardens as soon as wet, and then bronzed with the bronze shoe-varnish. This is an easier and a cheaper method, though perhaps not so effective, as to varnish, and while not, dust with bronze powder.

NIXOS (Philadelphia).—There is no precise age at which man reaches his full growth, but, as a general rule, he does not increase in stature after reaching the age of twenty. It would be utterly impossible for us, or for any one else, to tell you "What will be the ultimate height of a person who is nineteen years and four months old, now, and whose present stature is five feet ten inches."

COUSIN.—Marriage between cousins is forbidden by law in the State of New Hampshire for one, but to what other States, if any, we cannot just at this moment state. 2. As to whether there is any harm in cousins kissing one another, we can only say that it depends altogether upon the previous intimacy that may have existed between the parties, and not upon the mere fact of the lady and gentleman being cousins.

H. A. B. (Ashland, Mass.)—Your best plan would be to obtain a situation with some engineer, and learn the business practically as well as theoretically. When once you have fully mastered the profession, you will find no trouble in obtaining employment, and you had better give up the idea of going South, as in any of our large Northern cities you need not experience much difficulty in being suited.

ALLOPATHIC.—We believe some physicians in their practice name the days of the week by their Latin designations. These are as follows: Dies solis, or Sunday; dies lunæ, Monday; dies Martis, Tuesday; dies Mercurii, Wednesday; dies Jovis, Thursday; dies Veneris, Friday; dies Saturni, Saturday. We think, however, that it is a very meaningless custom, "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

L. M. N.—"Will a man's memory, which has been considerably impaired by dissipation, become strong again if he ceases his dissipation, and, if so, what should be the treatment to strengthen it?" The predisposing cause being removed, nature will again aid in restoring the weakened faculty. If, however, the defect is confessedly of a very serious nature, we would advise you to consult a good physician.

RUSTIC.—We do not know the work to which you refer, and are, therefore, unable to answer your question. (2.) "Commencement" is the time when students in a university or college receive their degrees, and is applied to the closing exercises of all colleges and large schools. It is supposed to relate to the "commencement of the real, active duties of life. We have never come across any explanation of it, further than what is given by Webster and Worcester.

A. B.—We cannot tell you what is the salary given to stewards on the line of steamships to which you refer, but you can easily ascertain this for yourself by making inquiry at the Company's office. The duties of a chief steward on board a steamship are many and important. He is the general manager and overseer, looks to the providing of all necessaries, sees to the cabins and rooms being kept in good order, and superintends the comfort of the passengers.

CHEARY.—We agree with you in thinking that there are few little things so annoying and trying as a pair of squeaking boots. We think you will find the following remedy will succeed in curing it: Saturate the soles of the boots with boiled linseed oil, keeping the soles as hot, during the application, as can be done, without injury to the leather. As much oil is to be applied to the sole as the leather will take up. If you try this, we should be pleased to hear from you as to the result.

TORMENTIO.—An excellent fly poison is made by beating up the yelk of an egg with a tablespoonful each of molasses and black pepper finely ground; set it about in shallow plates, and the flies will be rapidly killed. A sweetened infusion of quassia will answer the same purpose. Dissolve one drachm extract of quassia in a gill of water, mix with half a gill of molasses, and pour the mixture on a flat dish where the flies have access. The quassia acts on them just like a narcotic.

BEAN'S CAMP.—We cannot make out the name of the place, the distance to which, from Rochester, you wish us to tell you. But it does not matter much, as, wherever it may be, we could not take upon ourselves to advise you whether or not you should go there in quest of "work." If you are really in earnest searching for "work," you can find it at home, and it will not better your prospects by going to some distant part of the country, where you will be a total stranger.

READER.—"Do you happen to know where the quotation, 'Be as I say, not as I do,' can be found? I cannot find it in any work on the subject of quotations." We are inclined to believe that this saying is a proverb, and not a quotation. It is alleged to have been a common saying among the Italian works in the Middle Ages. Probably all ages and languages have the same thought in nearly the same words. In German, for instance, it runs: "Nach meinen Thaten nicht, nach meinen Worten handle."

WIDOW.—Such a boy, as you describe your son to be, cannot possibly be beaten into submission, and any effort now to coerce him, after having allowed him to go undisciplined so long, would only, we fear, end in his ruin. If you feel yourself unequal to the task of coping with him in argument, your best plan would be to send him away to school, where he would come into contact with those whose superior mental endowments will command his respect, and call into active play all the better qualities of his nature.

F. E. S.—Genuine bay rum is made by digesting the leaves of the bay plant in rum, and undergoing subsequent distillation. The imitation bay rum is prepared from the essential oil obtained from the bay plant. Mix one ounce of bay in three quarters of an ounce of oil of either pimento, allspice, or cloves with four gallons, ninety-six per cent., alcohol; then add gradually four gallons of water, shaking the mixture constantly. If this mixture becomes milky, the addition of a little alcohol will make it clear.

WHITBY.—Jet, is found in various places, though the largest amount comes from Whitby, a shelving seaport in the North Riding of Yorkshire. It is also found in the Faroe Islands, Isle of Skye, Bavaria, Bohemia, and in parts of France. Much that passes under the name of jet is ebonite, or vulcanite and rubber, and judges of such things know the real from the imitation without examining the degree of polish. Black glass is often successfully palmed off on the ignorant for black jet, and of late, blue glass for blue jet. Wood also is largely used as an imitation of jet, and bought by many for the genuine article.

OPERATOR.—We have been told by those who are thoroughly posted on the subject that the supply of good telegraph operators in this country is not by any means equal to the demand, and that, therefore, any man who really is a first-class operator need have no fear whatever about not being able to get a situation. Of course, we cannot speak as to your individual capacity and chances of getting employment. This you must answer for yourself, and if you are satisfied that you can pass as a first-class operator, you should at once set to work to obtain a situation. Writing to us won't help you at all, we are sorry to say.

C. S.—You say you wrote to the young lady a very polite letter, enclosing a ring which you asked her to accept and to wear—never meaning it, however, as an engagement ring. The young lady, however, has accepted it as such, and now you do not know whether to undeceive her, or to let matters remain as they are. We do not see how you can get out of it now; so you had better accept the situation. You must have thought a good deal of the young lady, or you would never have sent her the ring in the first instance; and we have no doubt that your letter was worded in so very ardent, and perhaps even passionate a style, as to have been taken by the young lady as a declaration of your affection.

INQUIRER.—The saying, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," is a Latin phrase, signifying, literally, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last," and, generally, "Let every man keep in his own sphere." This saying originated, it is said, with Apelles, the celebrated Greek painter, who set a picture which he had finished in a public place, and concealed himself behind it, in order that he might hear the criticisms of passers-by. A shoemaker made some observation as to a defect in the shoe, and the painter forthwith corrected it. The shoemaker came again next day, and, encouraged by the success of his first criticism, began to extend his censure to the leg of the figure, when the angry painter thrust out his head from behind the picture, and told the shoemaker to stick to his last, i. e., his trade.

F. H. K.—We think there is such a feeling left to be loaned to young men without means, but cannot give you any information or assistance such as you ask of us. It would be about as difficult a matter for you to borrow any of that money, as to set to work and save an equal amount out of your weekly earnings. In fact, it would be easier to do the latter, and, therefore, if you are really in desirous of obtaining money to commence business with for yourself, you had much better give up the idea of getting it from any such fund, and, instead, save as much as you can out of every week's wages. If you are industrious and attentive to your business, and always ready and willing to do whatever is required of you—especially if it is out your work, exactly—you will find an opening such as you desire are many years—perhaps months.

JAMES ALLEN.—If you wish to become strong, and to "develop your muscles," as you say, the very best thing you can do is to take a course of gymnastic exercise. But take care and don't overdo it, by attempting too much at first. Proceed gradually, and so not overstrain the muscles, and you will find your strength will be gradually but surely increased. One great point in gymnastic exercise is very apt to be lost sight of, and it is a very important one, too. This is, to adopt such a course of exercise as will call into action all the muscles of the body, for an undue development of any particular part or parts of the body, to the neglect of others, is not only destructive of physical symmetry, but is said to induce disease. We may mention fencing as a capital exercise, because it calls into play the whole muscular system, and the mind as well.

IGNORAMUS.—The highest mountain in the world is Mount Everest, or Gaurisankar, one of the Himalaya range. It is upwards of 29,000 feet, or five and a half miles high. Of course, no one has ever ascended this mountain to its summit, and, therefore, the height can only be determined by instruments, but the error would not exceed 100 feet, either way, at the outside. In this country, the highest mountain does not exceed much, if at all, over 15,000 feet. In California, above two hundred miles south of where it is crossed by the Central Pacific Railroad, the Sierra Nevada rises in a magnificent group of peaks, the highest of which is Mount Whitney. This mountain may possibly rise a few feet more than 15,000 feet above the sea, and is claimed to be the highest in the United States.

ELLEN.—In reply to your question as to the "sentiments or meaning of diamonds, sapphires, rubies, and turquoises," they are as follows: All precious stones were considered in olden times to have the property or power of keeping off evil spirits. The diamond, from its brilliancy, was dedicated to things celestial, considered a preservative of virtue, and supposed to be an antidote to poison, disease, etc. As a gift, it brought strength of mind and fortitude to the recipient. The sapphire lost its lustre—as all stones were supposed to do—when worn by a person of impure mind. It was a special preservative against venomous reptiles. The ruby was said to give warning of coming misfortune, by becoming darker, and returning to its original brightness when the danger was over. It was looked upon as a preservative from illness, and a banisher of bad thoughts. The turquoise was the emblem of hope and trust.

M. M.—You confess that you have given the gentleman to whom you are engaged cause to be jealous, by having received attentions from others which he alone has a right to pay you. His having written you on the subject so frankly and in so delicate a manner, telling you how much pain your conduct has given him, we look upon as evidence that he is a man of great good sense, as most men in similar circumstances would have got mad, and probably broken off the engagement, without asking or caring for any explanation whatever. We would advise you to act with the same candor and good sense, and as you must know that you have done wrong, do not attempt to defend your conduct. Write and tell him that he has mistaken a few harmless galeties for levity on your part, and that had you known his mind was so disturbed about them you would not have given any occasion. He will not, depend upon it, think you spiritless in thus expressing yourself, if that is what you fear. On the contrary, he will admire and love you all the more for your so candidly confessing and repenting of your thoughtless indiscretion.

H. E. S.—You say you were once refused by a lady to whom you proposed, and wish to know if there would be any very great harm in your again renewing your offer, as you feel that you cannot, without one more effort, relinquish the hopes which you so long cherished. As a rule, in our opinion, an offer of marriage once rejected should not be rediscussed. If the lady did love you, she should not have rejected you. If she did not, there is no need for her to go to school to learn of you how to love. But, under the circumstances, and feeling so deeply as you do, there would be no harm in your trying whether time may not have worked some change in your favor, and if she will not now view your wishes in a more favorable light. If she is disposed to relent, she will doubtless tell you so, but if she still adheres to her former decision, we hope you will be man enough to appreciate the old lines—

"Be she meek, or kind, or fair,
I will no'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn—and let her go."

MISCELLANEOUS. M. WEST.—Queen Victoria's surname is Guelph. J. E. W.—Belladonna is used to brighten the eyes, but it dilates the pupils most unnaturally, and is, therefore, very injurious. A. F. B.—The subject is not one we care about discussing. It is a miserable business from beginning to end, whichever way we look at it. SCHOOLBOY (N. J.)—The best studies for you are, beyond all doubt, spelling and writing, as in both of these accomplishments you are woefully backward. ALICE.—We can find no trace whatever of the article you name, so infer it was declined by the late editors. JOHN C.—It is quite against our rule to furnish the addresses of any of our contributors. HESSIE R.—There is no kind of enamel that is not injurious to the skin, so you had far better leave them all alone. H. C.—Citrate of magnesia is an excellent purifier of the blood. W. S.—We do not undertake to criticise any of the MSS. sent to us. J. E. S.—Your statement is an interesting one, but you will have to employ a good lawyer to make good your claim. M. H. H.—If you engaged for the year as a farm-hand, you are bound to remain the year. J. S. E.—We have said, before that if a man were to marry again while his first wife is living, and no divorce having been obtained, he would be liable to serious punishment for bigamy. NELLIE.—By all means tell your cousin what you know of her lover's disgraceful conduct in showing her letters to his friends. M. T.—There are no legitimate means of making one's self pale. You had better not be trying any such experiment on yourself. W. T.—Write to the advertisers on the subject, as there is probably some mistake. HOMEOPATH.—Prepared chalk is the best tooth-powder, but nothing will stop the decay of the teeth.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*